

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1070 FEBRUARY 1955

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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A TROUBLED WORLD

IN the relief that followed the ratification of the European treaties by the French National Assembly the first reaction in this country and in America was to relax and feel that we were through with our difficulties. Further consideration however seemed to indicate that the free world was still a long way from safety, and that the European treaties might yet founder on one of the many reefs that seemed to be looming ahead. After the wrecking of E.D.C. the splendid initiative of Eden in proposing the expansion of the Brussels Treaty to include Germany and the ready response of Mendès-France gave a false impression that France might at last be coming to the realisation of the need for a strong Western defence system including Germany. But appearances were deceptive. The acceptance of the principle of the European treaties by the Government of France is one thing. But the real question all along has been whether the French Prime Minister could get them past his National Assembly. One realises now what one sensed and feared but was not absolutely certain about before, the intensity of French feeling, its emotionalism and lack of reason. The E.D.C. was invented to satisfy France. A European system limiting sovereignty and incorporating German armed forces into a European army went a good deal further than British opinion would accept. We did not then give our firm guarantee of a military force permanently on the continent. Now it appears that even this strait-jacketing of Germany as laid down in E.D.C. was not enough for France, and one wonders whether her original advocacy of these extreme ideas of military and political union in Europe was not subconsciously a piece of escapism, never seriously meant. But if it was seriously meant, how much less palatable than E.D.C. must the European treaties be, which do not envisage a European army but a much looser system of military organisation for the West. Of course these treaties based on the Brussels Treaty have made it possible for Great Britain to give her firm guarantee of a military force for the continent, but they have aroused in even greater force than before the fears of France.

The fact is that French public opinion cannot and will not face the truth that Western Europe cannot be defended from the East without a contribution from Germany. Hence the feverish search for some alternative to rearmament. It looks as if France is definitely moving away from any form of rearmament which includes Germany. The debate in the Assembly seemed to show deputies frantically engaging in wishful thinking about Russia being ready to negotiate in such a way as to make rearmament unnecessary. There seemed in these speeches to be no recognition of the need to negotiate with Russia from strength. This lesson of recent years is being thrown aside and in the desperate desire to avoid a German contribution there is an implied readiness to surrender to Russia. This is not stated in so many words, but actions often speak stronger than words and the action of France over the Christmas week can only have one meaning : that a very large body of opinion in France, that is nearly half the Assembly, would sooner wreck the whole European defence system and trust to Russia leaving France alone, no matter what happens to the other countries of the West. It may seem a hard thing to say but

it is as well to face the terrible truth that it may become necessary to organise the defence of Europe against Russian Communism without France. A certain amount of our troubles can be put down to the nature of French politics with its splinter parties and the lack of public spirit among French politicians. This has always been so since the Third Republic. One has only to read the chapter on French parliamentary democracy written by Lecky in his "Democracy and Liberty" some seventy years ago to realise that this is nothing new for France. It explains why M.R.P. refused to support Mendès-France, although they agreed with a German contribution, but their bitter personal hatred of the Prime Minister on internal political issues blinded them to the French national and the general European interests involved in these European treaties. This lack of public spirit and refusal to put party political interests aside in the solution of a great international question is something of which France's allies have to take account. More understandable is the psychopathic hatred of Germany who has been responsible for the invasion of French soil three times in the last eighty years. This together with the above-mentioned weakness in internal politics in France makes one wonder whether the NATO powers would not be wise to have another string to their bow and prepare plans for the defence of Western Europe, based on the ports and airfields of Belgium, Holland, Denmark and West Germany. It would only be a second best but at least it would be a defence system based on countries that are politically reliable and unswervingly loyal to the idea of Western defence. This political reliability would go a long way to make up for the technical disadvantages of losing the French ports and airfields. On the other hand one has to reckon with the remarkable personality of Mendès-France. It seems indeed that the hour has produced the type of man that France has needed for so long. His position is precarious and he may fall at any time through a combination of those otherwise conflicting elements in French politics who however are combined on one thing—to get rid of him. Yet he handles his problems with such dexterity that he may still be spared to lead France for a while. But he can only continue if he presses for talks with Russia, and these talks will almost certainly be used by the irreconcilable anti-Germans in France and by the intriguers of the Kremlin to delay the practical application of a German contribution to Western rearmament.

In Germany too all is not plain sailing. The proposed solution of the Saar problem is causing much trouble to Dr. Adenauer. The Social-democrats also are bitter opponents of the treaties. No doubt, as in France, their attitude is influenced by internal party politics and by a desire to get rid of Dr. Adenauer, but they are exploiting the strong urge for unity in Germany. Here of course wishful thinking is as strong as in France though for different reasons. The German wishful thinking is the belief that Russia will agree to German unification on the basis of free elections in the East. Of this there is not the slightest sign and, though Russians must be realising by now that they are making no headway in turning Germans into Communists, they show no sign of giving up their hold on the strategic points of Central Europe. So the wishful thinking goes on in Germany and the Russians encourage it. The only hope of ultimately uniting all Germany in the years that lie ahead is for the Western powers

to insist in season and out on the principle of no unification of Germany without free elections in the Eastern part of the country. If the Russians realise that this is the one thing on which we will not give way and if the German Socialdemocrats some day realise that it is the Russians alone who are obstructing the unification of Germany in the only way possible for an independent and free Germany to exist, then the Russians may ultimately tire and give up the struggle. But we are a long way from that situation yet.

The same kind of wishful thinking is prevalent in this country, though it is confined mainly, but not entirely, to the ranks of the Labour Party. The illusion that sitting down to talks with Russia is an end in itself, and is going automatically to bring results irrespective of Russian policy, is still widespread in the ranks of British Labour. This kind of intellectual defeatism in dealing with Communism is an inherent weakness in some sections of the Labour Party, particularly in those local Labour parties where the chances of Labour parliamentary candidates are poor and where irresponsibility is not likely to bring pigeons home to roost. But the signs have been that their influence is on the wane and that Labour leaders have at last done some leading with the good results that Scarborough showed. All the more unfortunate therefore was it that they decided before Christmas to order the Parliamentary Labour Party to abstain on the vote approving of the European treaties. This show of false party unity has been, as anyone with knowledge could see it would, misunderstood abroad. As it turned out, Mr. McGovern, the Glasgow Labour member, was the only member of the Parliamentary Party who had the courage of Mr. Attlee's convictions.

If all these difficulties can be overcome in the next few months and the European treaties can be put into operation, the question will then arise, indeed is being discussed now, what sort of defence will be effective in Western Europe. If Germany is going to be able to add twelve divisions to the 46 divisions of the NATO powers, that will still be a small force to stand up to the 200 divisions of Russia and her satellites. But the NATO forces are probably enough now greatly to delay a Russian advance to the West, and it must not be forgotten that Turkey has some twelve divisions in the Middle East near some vital Russian oil sources. The West is no longer defenceless. A school of thought is arising however which regards the atomic weapon as having virtually made conventional weapons obsolete. This seems a questionable kind of reasoning. It is by no means certain, whatever may be said now, that either side will use atomic weapons, and it might quite well be that the appalling nature of the weapon might cause both sides to desist from its use, as in the last war both sides desisted from using poison gas. It is certain that both sides will have this weapon but one hopes that they will both fear to use it. Its existence may even prevent a war from breaking out. Under these circumstances therefore while there may be a case for reducing the size of armies with conventional weapons, it would seem the height of folly to abolish them. Every effort of course must be made to induce the Russians to ban the atomic weapon altogether. All attempts however up till now have been wrecked on the impossibility of getting the Russians to agree to an effective method of inspection.

Russia today is genuinely frightened at the prospect of a rearmed Germany on her Western frontiers. The colossal agitation against Western rearmament, the threats and cajolery meted out wholesale, is an indication of her fears. But of course it is necessary to cast our minds back to get the whole thing in perspective. There never was any question of German rearmament or even of Western rearmament till it was made abundantly plain in 1948 that Russia was inciting to Communist revolutions with the Red Army in the background wherever she could find a weak spot, and was determined to stop American help in the form of Marshall aid to the war-damaged continent. Yet Russia today seems to have left behind this phase of extreme truculence which characterised the Stalin regime. If the Russians can be convinced that Western Europe is in earnest and is really capable of organising its defence with a German contribution, they will probably accept the position provided that the West also makes it plain that they are open to discuss all questions at any time. This is not the same policy as what seems to be followed by the bulk of opinion in France, by the Socialdemocrats in Germany and by the intellectual defeatists in the Labour Party. The former policy seeks to negotiate from strength, the latter from weakness. Should the French crisis be overcome or should the West be able to organise its defence without France, it will be possible to assure Russia that their policy is not aggressive. The world will then still be consolidated into two camps—a tragic result of ten post-war years, when in 1945 the hopes of world unity were so strong ; but next to one united camp it is best to have two, and if both are strong they are more likely to agree to coexist than if one is weaker than the other.

The general economic state of Europe shows a gradual and steady improvement. Production figures are rising in industry and agriculture. Balance of payment problems are becoming less acute, because countries like France and Italy are exporting more and hence are able to pay more for their imports. Even countries like Greece show signs of getting their economy on a more stable basis. The most remarkable recovery has been in Germany who is getting back her old export markets. It seems that the effects of the war have at last been overcome and that the production machinery in field and factory is working again. But there is one factor in the world economy which gives rise to some disquiet. Production is rising in Europe, America and in the Dominions of the Commonwealth, and with this there is a rise in national wealth and the standard of living. This is also true of Russia, though probably not yet of China. On the other hand the countries of Southern Asia, the Middle East, large parts of Africa and South America, the undeveloped colonial countries in fact, are faced with continued low standards of living which may even be deteriorating. Any increase in the production of food in these countries is absorbed almost at once by the rise in population, which continues at a high rate. The countries of the Colombo Plan are making strenuous efforts to secure the investment of capital in these undeveloped countries. Our Colonial Development Fund is doing the same thing for the colonies in South Asia, Africa and the West Indies. But the world is in danger of having large food surpluses accumulating in some parts of the world, particularly on the American continent, while other parts of the world are not consuming enough food and are too poor to buy from the surplus regions. The in-

vestment of capital on a much bigger scale than at present is needed in these undeveloped countries. But that will mean that the industrial countries of Western Europe and America will have to provide capital on loan and not receive returns for their investments for many years. This will mean a sacrifice for the industrial countries of the West, and it is doubtful if public opinion in this country is yet fully aware of the economic implications of long-term investment in the colonial areas.

It must also be borne in mind that in these areas there is always a chance of political disturbances, like the one in Persia recently, and this may prevent a solution of the economic problem. For instance the precarious state of affairs in Viet Nam may at any time lead to trouble from which the Communists alone will profit. In the Middle East wealth is very unevenly distributed. Wealthy landlords and merchants largely control the Government in Persia and in many of the Arab countries. This makes this part of the world a potential object of Russian blandishments and intrigue. On the other hand the government of Egypt has shown a realism and a desire to help the underdog which is something quite new in the history of that country. The military government of young officers in Cairo, most of them from very humble surroundings, is ruling Egypt by decree but has already done more to stabilise the finances of the country and give land to the peasants than any government since the days of Lord Cromer. Yet here too the problem is to raise food production to meet an annual population increase of 400,000. It is estimated that to solve this problem an investment of £200 million will be needed for new Nile irrigation. This again is a problem of providing large credits from the Western countries and particularly from the U.S.A.

In South Asia India through Mr. Nehru continues her policy of neutrality in the cold war. The latest move is to organise the so-called Afro-Asian conference of the independent states and Dominions of Southern Asia and such African countries as Central African Federation and the Gold Coast. This seems to be a counterblast to the SEATO agreement of last summer, a possible move to check American influence and strengthen the influence of India in this part of the world. India, Burma and Indonesia are so much under the influence of a xenophobic fear of European domination, from which they have been recently freed, that they tend to regard Britain and America with greater suspicion than Russia and China. Yet they are fundamentally anti-Communist in their home policies. Moreover many of their neighbours like Siam, Laos, Cambodia and the Philippines have no use for China and Communism and their foreign policy is much more in line with that of the Western powers. It does not seem therefore that Mr. Nehru's Afro-Asian conference will be any more fruitful than was the SEATO conference last summer. The danger of serious complications in the Far East and Southern Asia would be much reduced if China were to become a member of the United Nations. Much of China's truculence can be put down to this, and the boycott only drives her into the arms of Russia. Yet there is no sign that a more realistic attitude is forming in the United States. Senator Knowland continues to lead the Republicans on foreign affairs in the Senate, and there is no reason to suppose that the Democratic majority in the House will be any more disposed than the Republican majority before to alter United

States policy in this respect. We shall have to wait patiently for a slow movement of opinion there in our direction and meanwhile hope and pray that events and incidents in the Far East and Southern Asia will not create a dangerous *fait accompli*.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

PARTIES AND POLICIES IN WEST GERMANY

NO country is so intimately concerned with the fate of the Bonn and Paris Agreements in France as the German Federal Republic.

It is therefore not surprising that the recent ratification debates and votes in the French National Assembly were followed in Bonn with breathless interest. For better or worse the destinies of France and Germany are intertwined. Every utterance in the German Parliament has repercussions in France and vice versa. Steering the ratification bills through the two parliaments would strike one as an almost impossible task, if for no other reason than that there is no genuine agreement between public opinion in the two countries concerning the future of the Saar, a key plank of the treaties. The height of irony was reached when the Saar Agreement was submitted in the French and German Parliaments with preambles which differed in practically everything except that they were meant to fulfil the same purpose, ratification. The blow dealt to the whole basis of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy when the French National Assembly rejected the European Defence Community will be relegated to history if the new treaties are finally ratified by the French in due course. From a short-term point of view the revised solution has the great advantage of being less ambitious than Europeanisation. It is a more modest beginning. Whether the French have achieved their aims by the substitution of Western European Union for E.D.C. is another matter. The new treaties give the Federal Republic entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and more say about the stationing of foreign troops on its soil. But in this game of dialectics (or is it casuistry?) Germany's admission to NATO can be represented as her "containment" by a greater number of powers than would have been the case under E.D.C. As so much political and diplomatic skill hardly distinguishable from cunning is required to launch the West European Union, it is to be hoped that nothing will be done to mortgage the long-term future in order to bring off ratification. For if the settlement of differences of opinion is postponed till the new organisations function, stalemate might merely be transferred to a later date. This applies particularly to the Saar Agreement which means something entirely different to the Germans and the French. Franco-German relations cannot afford new strains arising from fresh grievances and misunderstandings.

Dr. Adenauer has always frankly admitted the justice of the demand of the other powers for guarantees from Germany, in view of all the terrible things which have happened. It was, however, much easier for him to make concessions within a "European" framework, and in any case there is a limit to the extent to which he can reasonably be expected to yield. It remains to be seen whether the French plan of an "armaments pool"

falls inside this limit of possible concessions. The abandonment of Europeanisation also involved a complete change in the personalities in France with whom the Chancellor has to deal and the ideas which they represent. German Social Democratic criticism of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy had always made a great point of his Catholicism and the Catholicism of the French and Italian statesmen with whom he was building up what they contemptuously called "Kleinsteuropa." But now Adenauer is dealing quite contentedly with a French leader who is a Jew and a free-thinker. In fact Adenauer is no more of a bigoted Catholic or a pro-cleric than his late collaborator de Gasperi.

This new orientation of his foreign policy is only one example of the outstanding flexibility of "Der Alte" in Bonn, now at the beginning of his 80th year. There is no sign yet that he has lost the masterly—and sometimes masterful—touch with which he has run the German Federal Government for over five years. But there have been danger-signals about his health which the Chancellor would do well to heed. During the recent Bundestag debate on the first reading of the Paris Agreements he looked dreadfully tired. During one statement he was unable to cope with impromptu questions, had a lapse of memory, and finally beat a hurried retreat. The burden during recent months has been tremendous, and it would be tragic if he fell a victim to the inability of the French Parliament to make up its mind. Until Western Defence is firmly established, at any rate contractually—and as long as Mr. Mendès-France is his own Foreign Minister—Dr. Adenauer unfortunately cannot give up his tenure of the Foreign Ministry, which he holds in addition to the Chancellorship. But it is to be hoped that he will in the meantime make all the necessary arrangements to be relieved of all the routine work which can possibly be done by anybody else. That he is not afraid of able men in his government is shown by the presence of the Finance Minister, Schaeffer, and the Minister of Trade, Professor Erhard. But it cannot be denied that he has an element of Bismarckian reluctance for independent minds in his immediate entourage. It is greatly to be regretted, too, that the question of the succession is taboo and must not be discussed. Much would be done for the stability and the continuity of development of the Federal Republic if a strong Vice-Chancellor could be appointed, for nobody expects the present holder of that post, Bluecher (not even any longer leader of his party, the Free Democrats), to qualify for the succession.

An excessive amount of publicity has been given to the attacks of some of the government coalition parties on the Saar Agreement. The Free Democrats, the second largest party in the government coalition, in particular, have been strongly critical of this agreement, and some of their leaders have made statements to the effect that they would not support it. A strong suspicion must, however, be voiced that these declarations have been made for the record, and that there is no serious intention on the part of any important group in the Bundestag to block the passage of the Agreements (which would follow from a rejection of the Saar settlement). Outside parliament, too, it seems that the Saar is not quite as live an issue as was at once thought, hoped or feared. There is no evidence to date that Dr. Adenauer is finding difficulty in keeping together his mixed flock.

Dr. Adenauer is not at present in danger of any defections from the

Federal Government which would have repercussions on his two-thirds majority in the Bundestag which he may need for the passing of the Paris Agreements. Certain parts of the Agreement may conflict with the Basic Law as it stands and thus necessitate amendments in it which would then require a two-thirds majority. However, as a result of recent "Land" elections, he is no longer assured of this majority in the Upper House. In the Upper House each of the 9 "Laender" making up the Federal Republic has a quota of votes (ranging from 5 to 3 according to size) which have to be cast *en bloc* according to the instructions of the Land Government. For this reason the recent two Land parliament (Landtag) elections in Bavaria and Hesse were of great importance. Before they took place at the end of November, Dr. Adenauer could always muster for his foreign policy a bare two-thirds majority in the Upper House. The loss of a single vote however involved the loss of this two-thirds majority. Among the governments whose votes always went in favour of the Adenauer foreign policy was that of Bavaria. Before the Bavarian Landtag elections the Land Government was led by the Christian Democrats, though the Social Democrats also participated in it. This situation was completely changed by the formation of the new Bavarian government.

The Bavarian *volte-face* occasioned considerable surprise. In the Landtag election the Christian Democrats, (called Christian Social Union in Bavaria) improved their position as compared with the previous election in 1950, both in the total poll and in the proportion of the poll; they even got more votes than they did in the Bundestag election, which was rightly in general considered the party's high-water mark. The Christian Democrats increased the number of their seats in the Landtag from 71 to 83 out of a total of 204. It was thought that they would lead another coalition government. Yet what happened? All the other parties ganged up against them. The Social Democrats succeeded in securing leadership of the new government in which the local Bavarian Party, the Refugee Party and the Free Democrats—the two latter members of the Federal Government coalition—have all joined. The formation of the new government was strongly attacked by the Christian Democrats as unprincipled. It is true that the Socialists and the "liberal economy" Free Democrats make strange bedfellows. But did this not also apply to the previous coalition of the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats which always involved the Bavarian Social Democrat share of the "Land" vote benefitting Adenauer's foreign policy?

The significance of the new Bavarian government coalition lies much deeper. Apart from religion (where catholic clericalism harmed the Christian Democrats), it is a reaction, and a healthy one, so far confined to the politicians, against the growing predominance of one party and one man. The Germans have had too much one man, even if he is an Adenauer. Also, Germany has never had a two-party system and the stranglehold of the Christian Democrats over political life is felt as oppressive. The swing of the pendulum is essential to the proper working of parliamentary government. In Germany the picture is complicated by the existence of government both at the federal and the Land level, constantly interacting, particularly in the Upper House of the Federal Parliament. But in spite of many local variations in development there has been a general tendency

for the two major parties, the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats, to grow. However, as neither party usually succeeds in getting an absolute majority, the formation of governments is generally only possible by securing coalition partners among the smaller parties. These thus assume considerable importance, and to estrange them—as happened to the Christian Democrats in Bavaria—means a spell in the political wilderness. Of the smaller parties the key role is probably at present being played by the Refugee Party, which is now represented—on one side or the other—in nearly all the Land governments, as well as in the Federal Government. In Hesse, which also voted at the end of November, the handful of Refugee Party seats enabled the Social Democrats, after losing their absolute majority, to remain in power though they now have to share it. In Lower Saxony, too, where elections are due in the spring, the Refugee Party is a vital government coalition partner for the Social Democrats. It is always conceivable that if Dr. Adenauer lost an essential two-thirds majority in the Federal Upper House through the defection of Bavaria (which is still not certain), he might make it up by gaining Lower Saxony. This could be achieved by exerting influence through the federal leadership of the party, and particularly through its chairman, Professor Oberlaender, the Federal Minister for Refugee Affairs, to have a Lower Saxon government formed along Bonn lines and to drive out the Social Democrats. The formation of the new Bavarian Government without the Christian Democrats in one respect certainly did not correspond to the expressed wishes of the electorate. The election was fought to a considerable extent on foreign policy. The high poll of the Christian Democrats was a distinct endorsement for Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy, which does not seem to lose popularity in the country generally. Apart from this, the last three Land elections (with the one in Berlin in early December which however does not affect the Federal Upper House) showed that the sound "democratic" parties still dominate the scene. The German Party, which, although in the Federal Government, has some unpleasant aspects, in Berlin just failed to reach the 5 per cent mark necessary to qualify for seats in the city parliament. The Communists, fellow-travellers and neo-Nazis did not get a single seat in any of the three elections. It is true that occasionally events in Germany—like demonstrations to welcome released war-criminals—recall to mind that the past has not been completely overcome and that it still lurks to some extent underneath the surface. But on the other hand great progress has been made in establishing a saner future. Recent elections certainly do not provide any evidence of back-sliding.

FRANK EYCK.

YUGOSLAV PROSPECTS

DURING the past few months Yugoslavia has again figured in the newspaper headlines, though principally regarding questions of her international relations. After festering for nine years the Trieste problem has found its solution. The termination of that troublesome bone of contention between Italy and Yugoslavia has provided the foundation for better relations between two countries which in so many fields of

economic life prove complementary one to another. What calls for emphasis here (quite enough has already been written about the agreement itself) is that both parties made sacrifices, and it was this that made the conclusion of the agreement possible. In that sense the Trieste agreement might well serve as a model of an international settlement. That the agreement is but the prelude to more constructive co-operation is shown by the visit which the Italian Minister of Foreign Trade has since made to Yugoslavia—the first visit made since the war by an Italian statesman. The mediatory role of the Western Allies, particularly of Great Britain, in the Trieste dispute has proved far more efficacious than any attempt at a unilateral settlement.

The Trieste agreement has removed a millstone from the necks of many of us and released the tension existing on the western frontier of Yugoslavia. On all sides it has been welcomed and appraised as a considerable contribution to the cause of peace. Astonishment and lively commentary were prompted by the attitude of the U.S.S.R., which not merely gave formal recognition to it, but even welcomed it. This change of attitude regarding Trieste was at lightning speed followed by other diplomatic events: the U.S.S.R. curtailed its anti-Yugoslav propaganda, offered to return cadets held in the U.S.S.R. after the 1948 break, celebrated the anniversary of the liberation of Belgrade, while finally, on November 27th, Malenkov visited the Yugoslav Embassy in Moscow in person and raised his glass in a toast which has become famous.

However, regarding this foreign commentary was not so unanimous. Yet surely matters were clear enough? A Yugoslav diplomatist is recorded as remarking "I would rather have that toast than twenty Soviet divisions on our frontiers"—though of course that summing up does not exhaust the matter. Nevertheless, Yugoslavia has always desired to have normal relations with all her neighbours, and the relations which had hitherto obtained with all the countries of the Eastern bloc had been flagrantly abnormal. They are now improving. Yugoslavia would like to improve them still further, till they might be termed friendly relations, though here taking careful account to do nothing whatsoever to spoil those relations with the western countries which were built up in the exacting days of the economic and military Cominform blockade. However, nobody can reproach Yugoslavia with exceeding the desires of her citizens from one end of the country to the other, namely, desires for the co-operation of West and East on a basis of equality; nobody can cast a stone at her with implementing peaceable co-existence even though only to a moderate extent.

Those who are apprehensive lest Yugoslavia re-join the Eastern bloc show a failure to understand the very nature of the break between Yugoslavia and the Cominform. They have not grasped that it is the Yugoslav desire to be independent, outside all blocs, and yet at the same time to maintain friendly relations with all countries. The same minds fail to comprehend that for just the same reasons Yugoslavia will not even join the Atlantic Pact, while those who identify this Yugoslav policy with neutralism are also at sea. Yet surely at last it should be clear to them that Yugoslavia is a country on which there could be complete reliance in the event of aggression in Europe.

A third event, and one of no little import, is the visit of President Tito to India and Burma. The personality of the Yugoslav Head of State is familiar in Britain, not merely by reason of his visit to this country, he was no stranger even prior to this. The British learned to know him—as a brave warrior, arms in hand against the common enemy—in historic days which were hard both for Britain and Yugoslavia. They learned further to know him as a defender of liberty and the independence of his country in 1948. Finally, they made closer acquaintance last year both as man and as president of Yugoslavia, when he came to express the sincere desire of the peoples of Yugoslavia to live in peace. India and Burma also know President Tito, and his visit to those countries is the more significant since here too we have new countries faced by similar problems and which also in their foreign policy have many views in common with those of Yugoslavia. The recent visits of President Tito to Turkey and Greece have brought no little fruit, namely, the creation of the Balkan alliance. The hopes that this new journey of his will also have far-reaching consequences in the field of international politics are not without foundation.

All this successful settlement of problems of foreign relations today tends to enable Yugoslavia to concentrate attention on her internal problems. The termination of the Second World War found Yugoslavia an almost exclusively agrarian country, which out of some sixteen millions had lost 1,700,000 lives in the war (about 10.8 per cent. of the total population). Moreover, it found more than 3,500,000 without a roof over their heads, all existing mines destroyed or seriously damaged, more than 50 per cent. of the remaining industries destroyed, and in the field of agriculture 61 per cent. of the horses, 55 per cent. of cattle, 58 per cent. of pigs destroyed, with like losses of other livestock. Means of transport were unusable, hospitals had been destroyed. The picture, in short, of a land the contribution of which to the Allied victory is well known. On the other hand, Yugoslavia is a country which disposes of tremendous natural resources and a great quantity of unexploited power, a country, in short, with all the conditions for becoming a developed industrial country. There are significant resources of petroleum, iron, manganese, chrome (the richest in Europe), molybdenum (the only other country besides Norway to possess this metal), as well as nickel, cobalt, tungsten, copper (second place in Europe), lead, zinc, bauxite (richest in this ore), antimony and mercury (richest in Europe in these), pyrites, gold, silver and other ores. There are still considerable areas rich in unprospected minerals. Nor is power in short supply. In addition to great quantities of coal, Yugoslavia has in her rivers the source of about 9,100,000 kilowatts of electricity, of which today only 8.9 per cent. is utilised, though a network of large-scale power plants are under construction and will shortly take their place in the industrial system.

This short review of the situation points directly to the conclusion that Yugoslavia's principal aim today must be industrialisation and complete utilisation of her natural wealth. Considerable results have indeed already been obtained. Compared with the pre-war position, the production of steel has been doubled, that of lead increased sevenfold, that of zinc trebled, while the machine-tool industry has been doubled. Yugoslavia however now suffers from uneven development of her industry, and this

in two directions. On the one hand, all attention in the initial stage was concentrated on the basic, heavy industries, so that to a certain extent light industry was neglected, which was felt most acutely during the economic blockade of the Cominform bloc and the period of development of the armaments industry. At the same time, resources were in any case too slender for the construction of sufficient dwellings in the towns, which as a consequence of industrialisation had begun to grow rapidly. On the other hand the construction of a considerable number of hydro-electric power plants fell behind schedule, so that factories were completed before the power to drive them was available, and this caused urban electricity shortages. In this field the most urgent task for Yugoslav industry today is to complete the electric power plants as soon as feasible, though at the same time there needs to be a transfer of emphasis to light industry and more house construction, so as to bring about an appreciable rise in the standard of living. Certain steps in this direction have already been taken, and the last session of the National Assembly consecrated the greater part of its deliberations to this problem of the standard of living. Here one should certainly add that the new structure of Yugoslav industry, with basic economic laws freed from the grip of administrative control and the workers' councils in all enterprises given much greater rights, placing the whole system of workers' management of industry on a firm footing, is already beginning to show good results. The data of the first nine months of 1954 show industrial production to have been 14 per cent. greater than in 1953.

Agriculture constitutes another great Yugoslav problem. After the war an agrarian reform act gave 240,000 households land. But however necessary agrarian reform was from the sociological standpoint, and however useful in curtailing exploitation, from the economic standpoint it merely increased the fragmentation of agricultural holdings, thereby making both the productivity of labour (productivity per man-hour) and the increase of total output more difficult. Yugoslavia is in fact agriculturally an over-populated country. In Canada 100 hectares (247 acres) are worked by only 11 men, in the U.S.A. by 17, in France by 48, in Hungary by 72—but in Yugoslavia by as many as 114. At the same time, in regard to the application of modern techniques in agriculture, in particular the use of artificials, Yugoslavia stands at the very bottom of the ladder. Consequently, the increase of agricultural production, which is of vital importance to Yugoslavia, is linked with the problem of how to agglomerate agricultural holdings, how to apply modern methods to a greater extent, how to mechanise. The other industries which are now developing guarantee employment to the surplus labour power already appearing in the countryside as a consequence of the initial application of improved agricultural techniques. Agglomeration of agricultural holdings is being realised on the one hand by the development of large farms worked on the factory principle, that is to say, managed by workers' councils, and on the other hand by building up a movement of co-operation among small peasant farmers. Finally, particularly since the current year, large sums of money have been made available as long-term loans for individual peasant economies.

In the south-west of the Balkan Peninsula, impinging on Central Europe, live Yugoslavia's 17 million men, women and children, a complex nation

in the heart of the "gunpowder barrel," one which no war, no invasion has missed. Over their land all the winds of Europe rage. The Yugoslavs are very conscious of their past history, but they are also conscious that the happiness and well-being which they desire can be brought them solely by peace. Any action which may tend to the peaceable settlement of disputes, any action in the sense of bringing the European nations closer one to another, can always count on the full support of the peoples of Yugoslavia.

DRAGOLJUB NAJMAN.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

THE American Way of Life, something completely different from habits and beliefs in other countries, has been the subject of comment for nearly two hundred years. A collection of excerpts from such writings published a year or two ago reveals clearly how the admiration of those early years has gradually changed over the last one hundred years or so into an attitude distinguished mainly by criticism, fear, and quite often hatred. Part of this is no doubt due to the steadily growing importance of the United States and its present overwhelming strength in world affairs. But the fact that so many people, who by reason of their once living in America have come to appreciate its many good points, are now sometimes quite hostile in their writings and comments, suggests that not all criticism stems from jealousy. The purpose of this article is to trace the causes of some American traits and to examine them in the light of developments in other and older countries. It is written by a Briton now resident in the United States for five years.

The settlement of America by the English provided that country with her language and basic institutions. These, modified to suit the circumstances of life on a new continent, have been the cause of some misunderstandings and annoyance, but generally speaking they have played little part in the outbreaks of anti-Americanism that are now quite often a feature, and in some cases a permanent feature of international politics. Other reasons must be sought. Life has never been easy in America. This was so for the original settlers, for those who developed the ever-expanding frontier, for the immigrants who came in their swarms to feed American industry, and for those 160-odd million people who are living there at present. The Pilgrim Fathers, those immigrants which although not the first to come to America are the most typically American in that they were not "sponsored" but came on their own accord, landed in the middle of the severe New England winter and lost half of their number by the following spring. They found, as others have found, that settling in America is a matter of putting behind one many old beliefs and skills and developing new ideas and activities to deal effectively with new situations. They also found that although America could yield a good living it would do so only in payment for hard toil. Thus we have in those early years some of the characteristics that are so typically American: the belief in the value of hard work, and the necessity for hard work to get even the basic requirements of life. Today we find very few Americans looking forward to retirement. In a poll taken in Britain and America it was

found that whereas in Britain the vast majority of workers looked forward to retiring, and at an age of 57 or 58 if possible, the vast majority of American workers did not anticipate retiring. The few who did gave 65 as the most suitable age. This belief in the essential goodness of work, and the general American dislike of those who do not work for a living, are clearly seen in the attitude towards work of sons and daughters of the wealthier American families. They believe in starting at the bottom and keeping themselves, even when family fortunes would permit a relatively easy life.

The colonists' hard work in the open air, clearing the land and building huts and cabins, bred a big appetite both for food and drink and developed a sensual rather than an intellectual attitude to life. The scattered settlements made every stranger welcome, and the lack of continuous social intercourse made quick friendships essential. Neighbouring farmers helped each other in log-rolling for building homes and shelter for cattle, and this glad-hand approach to life, with none of the reservations normally met with in older countries where social customs have been more or less solidified with time, is usual in America today. At the same time the need to have a common attitude to life for joint activities for farming purposes and to protect the settlements against hostile Indians meant that personal privacy and unusual beliefs were not only unwelcome but were a positive danger to the community. There is still in America an oppressive social attitude towards those who prefer privacy to gregarious behaviour, and those who do not conform to the normally accepted American beliefs at that moment are regarded as dangers to the whole American way of life.

To British people who normally feel irritated beyond words at interference in private activities this is perhaps the most distressing aspect of American modes—an intense dislike of those persons who prefer privacy, and an attitude bordering on open hostility towards those with un-American beliefs. This latter probably explains the chronic tendency in America to overall conformity in dress, behaviour, and basic beliefs. It probably accounts as well, or in part, for the religious and racial discrimination against the Jews and Roman Catholics, that is for those who are different from the usual Protestant Americans. This inability of Americans to live comfortably with those who dare to be different may also be the cause of the waves of hysteria that sweep across the whole continent from time to time, breaking down all the elementary decencies of life, and causing false imprisonment or even death to those unlucky enough to stand in the way of the tidal wave of fear, hatred, and confusion. As more and more settlers arrived and the frontier expanded westwards, the trait of aggressiveness was further developed. There also came into being the typical American lack of respect for the law which is at present seen not only in the appallingly high murder rate, twenty times higher than in Britain, and all other forms of violent crime, but in the "scofflaws", those people who openly scoff at the law and ignore summonses, partly because they sometimes live in other States and cannot therefore be effectively apprehended in all cases. The lack of adequate police control and the ineffectiveness of Federal and State judicial methods have always been features of the American scene. Disrespect of the law not only paid off well when the land squatters refused to budge from land held by the

Government to other farmers, but was increased by the need on many occasions to enforce justice privately owing to the complete lack of any police supervision or legal methods of enforcing justice in the frontier regions. A spirit of independence soon marked settlers in America, and poor immigrants flooding the country quickly replaced social and other repressions at home by over-weaning self-esteem and boasting, at the same time as developing a strong feeling for the under-dog.

It is sometimes pointed out that immigration tended to select those with greater courage and daring than those who stayed at home, but it also selected those who preferred to run away from the difficulties of the Old World and face the problems of the New World. It is still typical of life in America that problems such as political bribery, graft and corruption are ignored in the desire for personal advancement. Probably the big deterioration in the American Way of Life started about the year 1829 when Andrew Jackson took over the Presidency. This so-called Jacksonian Revolution swept away from politics the last trimmings of the planter aristocracy: the Common Man at last reigned supreme. It was about this time that the equating of wealth with success became a noticeable American trait. The growing industrialization of the country and the increasing wealth of all those who could get on board the "gravy-train" made lack of money both the sign of failure and very nearly a social crime. Financial success as a virtue came to be regarded as a guiding precept for life's journey, justifying dishonesty, corruption, illegalities, and immoralities. This insensibility has been reflected in the American educational system with its false ideals and its utility training for practical work rather than as a training of the mind.

American architecture, despite many notable buildings, is conspicuous for its ugliness, and the American countryside, generally gaunt, bare, and unpleasing to the eye is littered with shabby rectangles of buildings completely tasteless in design and erected with only business purposes and cheapness in mind. The directness and simplicity of life in America from the colonial era onwards have bred not only a severely practical approach to life with little respect for literary or intellectual trimmings, but have made for a very simple type of mind which compared with the British appears uncomplicated and childlike. The size of the country and the actual number of cases in American development and life when bigness was synonymous with goodness have developed the quantitative American mentality which equates size with quality and which refuses qualitative distinctions. This is seen also in the belief in the importance of arithmetical analysis, the huge statistical works on human behaviour, and the belief in such mechanical systems as the lie detector and the drunkometer, the latter for determining drunkenness in motorists.

The position of women in American society has been commented on favourably by most disinterested observers, but there is a tendency for visitors to misunderstand completely the very different relations in America between husband and wife and between parents and children. Men in America have historically been the go-getters while the women stayed behind and attended to the farm and homestead. America is not woman-ruled, but is still very much a masculine society, the difference being that in America, where social life is more important than in older

countries, the women take charge not only of domestic affairs but of social affairs, correspondence, etc. The men are content with this, as they take less interest in family life than do men in other countries, and are more active in their own affairs outside the family. The pedestal on which all American women are supposed to have been put is a very lonely one indeed, and loneliness and the desire for company are two of the most obvious and least happy traits in the American Way of Life. It has always been thus right from the earliest days. The scattered farms, the isolated frontier settlements, and the strangeness felt by many of the later immigrants in a country the language of which many of them could not speak, have all added to the lonely feeling, to the desperate need for visitors to relieve the monotony of existence, and to the overwhelmingly friendly attitude which on closer acquaintance is revealed to have no personal meaning but only a general significance, and which later sometimes tends to become a burden rather than a pleasure. Noticeable too is the feeling of hatred and fear that Americans have for those who criticize their mode of living. The ferocious attitude shown to Communists and others guilty of un-Americanisms, the leading articles and cartoons that appeared at the time of the Korean War when 21 American soldiers preferred to remain with their Communist captors, and press comment following the American victory in the Olympic Games, all speak of a lack of self-assurance and a terrible awareness of the opinion of others.

It is true that the overall standard of living in America is higher than that in Britain, but this overall average conceals millions of families in America which are in a far worse position than the average family in Britain. There is in America a far greater difference between rich and poor than in Britain. Thus the phrase that all men are equal is only an ironical comment on the actual position in America. The standard of living, however, must be considered separately from the standard of life, which in America is very much lower than that in Britain. There is a need in America for a higher income to render less harsh the normal conditions of existence, and the possession of a motor car, this generally being a necessity, washing machine, refrigerator, central heating plant, etc., helps to take away some of the difficulties of life not noticeable in Britain. It is only after living for several years in America that one realizes to the full how difficult life is in comparison with life in Britain. There seems to be little of the natural beauty of life, and things that are free for the asking in Britain, such as lovely countryside and easy access to the seaside, are for many either non-obtainable in America or obtainable only after the expenditure of a lot of effort and money. Historical circumstances and general conditions of life have made for a way of life that seems to many Britons lacking in personal satisfaction. To some extent this is offset by the higher standard of living and greater social activities, but life tends to become both mechanical and meaningless and too extrovert for real inward satisfaction.

The gradual deterioration in the standard of life that set in with the Jacksonian Revolution compares with the growing democracy in Britain following the 1832 Reform Act. During these last 120 years the tortoise of evolutionary developments in Britain has outstripped the hare of revolution in America. The relative positions of the two countries have changed. America is now the wealthier country and leader of the world. Britain is

now the really living democracy where personal rights and freedom and facilities for education and self-expression are the greater. There has been in recent years a grave deterioration in civil rights in America, as exemplified by Mr. Justice Douglas in his dissent in the recent "Irvine" Supreme Court case. Some of the traits that were developed by the type of life in early America are no longer suitable for a more civilised existence. Many American beliefs and practices are plainly shocking to the Western World. The infringements of personal liberty are now nearly as frequent and more distressing than the usual invasions of personal privacy. The lack of restraint, such a common feature of behaviour both on Capitol Hill and in the rest of the country, has deep roots, as have the violence of behaviour and restlessness of life. But they do not make life easy and pleasant, nor can they be regarded as adjuncts of a decent, satisfying life. Thus to many Britons the American Way of Life is seen to be a chaotic anarchy with many injustices to those who cannot stand the pace, or are the victims of misfortune. The demands of life are harsh, hard, and stern even for those with money to spend, and there is nothing like the graciousness of life that may be obtained in Britain by the poorest or the security, comfort and safety of life that have been established in Britain over the centuries. In many ways, America is now seen to be suffering from some of the excesses of youth which like those in human life return to plague and pester middle age and later life.

New York.

JOHN BROWN.

ROYALISM IN FRANCE

IN the eighteenth century monarchy in France lost its magic and majesty. Her kings outraged the conscience and defied the reason of their subjects, so that a liberating movement which began as a protest against unmerited privilege proceeded inevitably to grow into an anti-monarchical crusade. For kings sustained the scaffolding of social injustice, and when the massed forces of royalty and reaction marched against the republic they were stayed at Valmy. Goethe recognised the significance of that fatal field. It saved the Republic and proved the seed-bed of republicanism in the west. But France was cheated of her republic by the Corsican who exploited her hunger for military glory to create a Napoleonic empire. After a decade of empire the Man of Brumaire was swept aside by the nationalisms he had forced.

On the morrow of Waterloo the immediate question facing France was her governance. Should she accept plebiscitary Caesarism or divine rule or the laurels of a republic? The imposing logic of Talleyrand found in legitimacy the talisman for national and international accord and the Bourbons were returned in the baggage of France's foes. Again she was cheated of her republic. Emigrés and notables in holy ecstasy had welcomed back the son of St. Louis to the throne of his fathers. But so emotional was the Restoration that some forty dauphins appeared, all claiming to be Louis XVII who had miraculously escaped from the Temple. That such an evasion had taken place had been accepted even by Madame Royale the sister of Louis XVI. Most of the false dauphine were exposed, but Charles

Naundorff raised an unsolved problem. His story was so detailed that an unending controversy began. On his death in Holland the Dutch Government permitted his tomb to be inscribed "Here Lies Louis XVII King of France and Navarré." Though he renounced his rights to the throne his descendants claim to be "Chiefs of the Survival." Family discord divides the issue, for Louis Naundorff Bourbon had many children. In 1954 two descendants stand claimants. The elder, Henri Duc de Bourgogne, was born in 1899, and while he does not proclaim himself pretender he asserts that he wishes to see his cause triumph, maintains a Chancellery, and bestows titles and decorations. His rival and cousin Louis Duc de Normandie was born in Holland in 1908, had a distinguished career in the Military Academy of Breda, and during the occupation commanded in the maquis. He insists that the elder line has lost its claim because by a Treaty of Ginnekin "Charles XI" abdicated in favour of his brother Adalbert, his grandfather. Latterly a rapprochement has taken place, for the Duc de Bourgogne is childless and on his death Louis will become King of France. French life was not seriously disturbed by the pretensions of the Naundorffs. Events went their own turbulent way and decided her government. Yet under every régime since the revolution pretenders challenged the state. Under the Bourbon there were Naundorff and more seriously Napoleon II, that pathetic Bonaparte languishing to death in his gilded prison at Schonbrunn. Especially was the Orleans Monarchy threatened by the Aiglon. France turned to him in romantic reaction to bourgeois drabness. Metternich even thought of using him against France, but the risk was too great. Ghosts would arise at the call of a Napoleon. He died in 1832 leaving the path open to a more opportune Napoleon. There was further a pathetic Bourbon, the young Duke of Bourdeaux, also living in exile and enjoying the appealing aura of legitimacy. Smouldering economic fires burnt away the Orleanist régime and at last France secured her Republic in 1848 only again to be cheated by another Napoleon.

When the disaster of the *annee terrible* came to avenge the "Man of Deux Decembre" France was faced with her perennial problem of government. Should her republic come at last? But even after the ignominious collapse of a diadem, the apparatus of government remained royalist. Of an elected assembly of 650, 400 were monarchists, and a government was especially formed to restore a king. The royalist plot was led by the Duc de Broglie (grandson of Madame de Staél) who returned from his embassy to the Court of St. James' to lead a king back to his throne, and by Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, son of an Imperial General and Commander of the Order of St. Louis. To their support came the pervasive appeal of the clergy. Propaganda pilgrimages were organised to monarchy, Father Picard to Lourdes, Mgr. Pie to Chartres; the pilgrimage to Paray le Monial was exultantly royalist. Royalist ladies, the Duchesse d'Uzes and the Maréchale poured their money into the plot. They were opposed by the flamboyant vigour of the "one eyed traveller for the Republic," the tribune from Cahors, Léon Gambetta, the politic neutrality of Thiers—"Mirabeau mouche"—and the indiscision of France. Paradoxically the royalist plot was defeated by the royalism of the king. Of the three monarchist parties the Bonaparte was ignored. A melancholy

glory lights up Henri Dieudonné Comte de Chambord, the posthumous son of the Duc de Berry. At his birth he was acclaimed "the miracle child" for he would continue God-given rule. From the age of ten he had lived the self-deceptive life of an exile too far removed from his realm to know or understand its needs, and had been reared to regard his realm as a divine patrimony and his throne as heaven-bestowed.

Philippe Comte d'Orléans was also a descendant of St. Louis and Hugues Capet. To the stern legitimists the Orleans had lost all rights to a crown: one had voted for the execution of Louis XVI another had sat on the throne of a legitimate king. Dynastically they were considered traitors. Yet Orleanism had created a parliamentary tradition that was a challenge to divine misrule. Wisely the royalists arranged a fusion. Bourbon and Orleans met at Frohsdorff, for Henri V was childless and agreed to ascend the throne and be succeeded by Philippe V. On that only was there accord. But France too was concerned in the bargaining. And there was nothing of Henri IV in the exile who styled himself Henri V. He possessed no élan to lead a crusade for monarchy. Nor would he place France before his prejudices as did Henri IV. He refused to become the "legitimate king of the Revolution." He refused to repudiate the flag of Arques and Ivry. Nor would he accept that "formula of foreign importation" that a "king reigns but does not govern." Possessing no genius for repentance he yet wished France to repent her past, discard the tricolour, and accept his white flag. In vain the plotters tried to keep his place open by every means of governmental pressure. In 1875 Professor Wallon introduced "Republic" into the constitution and soon it was cradled to safety.

In 1873 Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst and in 1879 his son Napoleon IV fell in Zululand in an English cause. In 1883 there passed away the Don Quixote of legitimacy, Henri Bourbon, who deserved a better end. So in 1879 that "old veteran of 1848" Grévy replaced the conspirators at the Elysée and the Republic was saved. Yet threatened it still appeared. In 1885 Philippe Comte d'Orleans came from his castle of Eu in Normandy to Paris to marry his daughter, the future Queen Amelia to Prince Orleans-Braganza. On the death of Henri V he had assumed the title of Philippe V. The reception at the Hotel Galliéna was regal, social opinion was clamorously royalist, and the Republic was only a decade old. The monarchical reception was an affront to the regime. "To the Elysée!" shouted the crowd. Would there be another coup d'état? The President took precautions. He secured the Grévy Laws of Exile by which no heir of a once-reigning family could live in France. Thus were exiled Bourbon, Orleans and Bonapartes. Slowly the Republic strengthened and through the healing diplomacy of Cardinal Lavigerie many royalists rallied to the regime. Yet royalism remained vindictively hostile. They had able and politic defenders in Count Albert de Mun and La Tour du Pie, and Bishop Dupanloup raised the issue to moral heights. They financed and fanned every attack on the "gueuse." Every Ligue of Patriots had a royalist core. They hounded Grévy out of office, supported Boulanger, shouted down the Republic through the Panamists, and almost fomented civil war by their support of the clerical-ridden army against Dreyfus. The war of 1914-18 united France and the victory added to the laurels of the Republic, which had succeeded where an Empire had failed. But the irreplaceable loss of her

children—the lost generation—the failure of the U.S.A. and Britain to stand by her on reparations and the Rhine, the rise of an anti-French “cardboard Caesar,” and the menace of resurgent Germania under an Austrian corporal reacted unfavourably on the régime. Fascist parties enfeebled her, appeasement sapped her élan. In such an atmosphere royalism became vocal and hostile. There was the irresponsible royalism of the Action Française and the Camelots du Roi. Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet preached dangerous doctrines to injure and de Bainville distorted history to discredit the Republic.

Pretenders now came forward to stake their claims. There was first Henri Comte de Paris, son of the Duke of Guise who on the death of Philippe VI in 1926 became the Orleanist heir. The Duke had moved to Morocco and settled at El Arache which on frontier rectifications became Larache. Here he lived the rough life of a colonial, Luyautey found him a genial companion, and here the dauphin was born in 1908. Till 1926 he spent his life between Morocco and France where he was educated at the College Stanislas and carefully prepared for the throne. Tutors took him to see his family domains Amboise, Dreux, Chantilly, and Pierre de Nolhac more realistically piloted him through working-class quarters. Because he was debarred from living in France, he settled in Belgium in the Manoir d'Anjou and entered the University of Louvain where he read law and history. His father (John I since 1926), placed upon his clever son the burden of monarchical propaganda. So the conscientious Dauphin published a propaganda paper *Courier Royal* and wrote an able *Essai sur le Gouvernement de Demain*. He repudiated the *Action Française*, for it was not the organ of the Maison de France and acted without his approval. Moreover it was bitterly partisan while he claimed to be above party. He wrote books and articles on the function of monarchy in modern society and in the *Courrier Royal* announced his political philosophy. Against the republican dictum that “liberty withers in the shadow of sceptres,” he proclaimed that his monarchy would protect liberty against all dictatorships, whether of the right or left or of capital. As the horizon darkened in 1938 he made a flying visit to France and at Vexin proclaimed himself the heir of the Capetian tradition. He hoped to transfuse France with the spirit of monarchy as the arbiter between classes, for he would be above them.

There was also Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, the heir of a legend. The Bonapartes were no united family. When in 1879 Napoleon IV died, his will passed over his cousin Prince “Plon Plon” for that prince's son Napoleon. In paternal revenge when Victor died he disinherited his son for his brother Louis. But Louis died in 1932 so that Napoleon became the accepted pretender. He was born in 1914 at Brussels, and so foreseeing were the Bonapartes that they brought sand from Fontainebleau and placed it beneath his mother's bed so that he was born on French soil. Six months later Belgium was invaded and the Napoleons fled and joined the Empress at Farnborough. He too was carefully prepared for the throne. General Boyé tutored and took him to see the tricolour flying over Metz. He spent his time between the Bonaparte castle, Pranjins in Switzerland and Brussels, for his mother was Princess Clementina of Belgium. In 1939 he disbanded the Bonaparte groups in France. In 1939 war came again.

The Comte de Paris and Prince Napoleon offered their services to France, but President Lebrun refused. They applied to join the British army, but at the wish of France that too was refused. Then came the Blitzkrieg when every man was needed, and Paul Reynaud permitted them to join the Foreign Legion. The Count as légionnaire Henri Orliac was drafted to the Satonny camp near Lyons, Napoleon as légionnaire Blanchard to Sidi-bel-Abbas. Their fates diverge, for there came defeat and demobilization. While the Count was waiting at Marseilles news came that his father was dying. He secured a plane from the prefect and flew to Rabat. Next to the voice of de Gaulle, that of Algiers was the least stifled. Events grew dramatic and chaotic, and from that chaos a king nearly emerged.

As the war proceeded the fray widened, and by 1942 whispers grew of an American landing. The Count flew to Vichy, and consulted the senile Marshal at Charmeilles and the traitor Laval at Riom. Both he found palsied. He returned to Rabat. Then came Darlan and assumed control in the name of Pétain which Pétain vigorously repudiated. Then Giraud escaped and the Americans landed. Giraud was to lead the Free French in North Africa. In this confusion who was to be obeyed. Darlan or Giraud or Pétain? Royalists came to the Count at Rabat and pleaded with him to carry out a coup d'état. He refused. He would not emulate Napoleon; he would assume authority legally. But what was legal in that illegal entourage? Royalists then planned that the three presidents of the Councils General were to summon Darlan to retire. The Count was then to launch by wireless an appeal to all to unite and with the support of Giraud and de Gaulle to assume the Presidency of the Council. From there the road would be clear to glory and perhaps a crown. In November 1942, the Americans had landed and were in *de facto* control. To carry out this plan the co-operation of the Americans was essential, for they controlled the wireless. But they were as bewildered at the suggestions as were the French. They had matured their plans on other assumptions. They were soldiers. They made war not politics. And Eisenhower would not revise his strategy to meet the unexpected situation. Robert Murphy, Roosevelt's personal representative, was sympathetic but the soldiers were dubious and suspicious. So in December the Count, beaten, retired to Sidi Ferruch. Again events came to give him his opportunity. A crazy youth Bonnier de la Chapelle assassinated Darlan. The road was now clear, for the Americans had skillfully used Darlan as a pawn. Again royalists came to plead with him to take advantage of this unexpected opportunity to enter the Council Chamber. A little more aggressiveness in this over-conscientious prince might have carried him to his goal. But he hesitated and when pressure round him grew and decided him, Giraud arrived and the American general Clark accepted him as France's leader. A fateful audience took place between Giraud and the Count. "Non, Monseigneur," ended Giraud. "Go and find glory on the battlefield of Tunis and you will be king within three months." As the Count left his officers surged round and urged him "Brumaire! Brumaire!" But he was no Napoleon. He would not pick up a crown illegally. So he departed. This royalist effort has been partisanly exaggerated as the Plot of Algiers, but there was no plot. The Count acted openly. He claimed throughout

"I do not come as Pretender but as Rassembleur." He wandered off from the scene of failure, first to Pampeluna, then to Angelot near Cintra, where the Pretenders of Europe had gathered as in the cave of Adullum. There were Umberto of Italy, Duarte of Portugal, the Count of Barcelona, and the Prince explained to these phantoms of a vanished age how he would democratize, parliamentarise and even socialise the new monarchy of France.

A more romantic aura surrounds Napoleon. The second world war nearly created a third empire. Demobilization found him as légionnaire Blanchard at Sidi bel Abbas. He reassumed his incognito as Comte de Montfort and appealed to Vichy to be allowed to remain in France. On being refused he made his way to Pranjins, and there came the first temptation. In November, Hitler, now battle-drunk, conceived the wild plot of reinstating a Napoleon. The corporalism of France was to unite with that of the Reich. Collaborationists from the Hotel Ritz came to Pranjins, and explained that Hitler had decided to seal the Collaboration and inaugurate the New Order by returning the ashes of the Aiglon. A hundred years earlier the return of the ashes of Napoleon had ushered in the Second Empire. Would this return forbode a third? But the heir of emperors would not take part in this play-plot. A Napoleon would not collaborate with a Hitler. The ceremony nevertheless took place with the pomp of victorious Germania. In December troopers goose-stepped into the Invalides carrying the remains of Napoleon II. There was the war-staging of the New Order, the hakenkreuz, the bees; there was the rhythmic drum-beats that had announced an emperor and paved the way for Hitler. And there were the traitors Darlan and Laurencie. The Aiglon was received into a Napoleonic Pantheon, for in the chapel waiting were a Murat, a Prince of Essling, the Princess Clementina, and the Bonapartist Cardinal Baudrillart. "How sorry," remarked Abetz, "that the Prince has not come. We could have done so much with him." But then he knew France from her traitors. In the meantime the Prince had joined the maquis and was captured. After a spell at Fresne, he was imprisoned in 1941 at Neuilly with Colonel de la Roque and Pierre de Gaulle. Hitler tried again. He still planned to unite National Socialism with the principles of 1789. Hitlerites pleaded with the Prince. "France has always remained Bonapartist." They repeated echoes of the past. "Our common enemy as formerly is England." More personally they appealed. "The restoration of the Empire depends on you." But a Napoleon refused to return in the baggage of France's foes. The Hitler-Bonaparte alliance never sullied the story of France. Again he escaped to the maquis where he acted as liaison with the chief of the second bureau of the secret army, a Colonel Navarre, and where General Bethouard decorated him with the Legion of Honour. In 1950 the Assembly passed the bill introduced by the M.R.P. deputy Hulin Degrées and repealed the law of exile. So the two pretenders returned home.

For a while Napoleon settled in Boulevard Souchet which he transformed into a Tuileries, for fortunately Countess Walewska had been successful in securing from Thiers that the personal property of the deposed Napoleon be returned. But in 1951 he left for the Congo there to build a new life. And while he does not claim the throne, if called upon

he would be ready. Henri Comte de Paris found a home at Coeur Volant in the heart of the forest of Marley, where he lives with his eleven children, like a king addressed as Monseigneur and spoken to *à la troisième*. From his bureau Rue Constantine left him by the royalist governor of the Bank of France, Emile Moreau, he directs the propaganda aiming at the methodical and rational conquest of the sympathies and minds of France. He has preferred to be without monarchists rather than be partisan, for he pleads for his dream of a Monarchy that will be above party. Already Henri Comte de Paris—Henri VI—is the uncrowned king of the Fourth Republic, claiming above changing governments to be the supreme arbiter of France's interests.

There are many other pretenders mainly of genealogical interest who do not affect the stream of French life. There are the Bourbon Naundorff. Of mournful interest is the claim of James, Duke of Anjou-Segovia, elder son of Alphonso XII of Spain. He was born in 1908, saw Spain become republican, and by a solemn Declaration in 1933 renounced his rights to his brother John. He claims to be the Uncontested Head of the Royal House of Bourbon, for he asserts that the Treaty of Utrecht merely prevented the union of France and Spain. Dynastically it was *ultra vires*. On the death of the Comte de Chambord in 1883 he solemnly notified the sovereigns and ex-sovereigns of Europe, as well as the Registrar of the French Republic, that he claimed the throne of France. So again there are three classic candidates, as there were under the Third Republic but the Fourth Republic can ignore the menaces to the Third. There is Xavier Prince of Bourbon-Parma, "Regent of the Traditional Monarchical Communion," whose partisans claim that since the death of Henri V, the throne of France has been vacant. The sister of Henri V married Charles III Duke of Parma. Their descendant, albeit of female descent, is regarded as the most French of the Bourbons. He fought the Germans, suffered in Dachau, and has been recognised by the Carlist Duke of St. James as most qualified to defend the principles of the Traditional Capetian Monarchy and the Standard Bearer of Legitimacy. There is a Comte de Bourbon Basset, a descendent of the elder branch of the Bourbons who became "legal" heirs on the passing of the Valois. There is a Prince d'Anjou Durazzo, descendant of a Bourbon who left for Russia and whose credentials as a Bourbon were legally recognised in 1944 by the Tribunal of Nice. In 1945 the Court of Thonon permitted John William Freeman to use his correct name of Bourbon. He is the great grandson of Charles, Duke of Berry, by his first marriage with Mary Brown at Maidstone in 1783. Their children were royally recognised, for Queen Victoria married William Freeman to Princess Janviere de Bourbon-Sicily. As a legitimist, their grandson takes precedence even over the Orleans. And the Bonaparts have a claimant. Jerome Bonaparte Paterson, the grandson of Jerome, a young naval officer who in 1803 married Elisabeth Paterson in Baltimore. These various pretenders echo inflammatory voices of a dead past, seeking to kindle the flame of royalism in their favour. They remain servants of popular prejudice for they ignore the moral issue at the heart of government.

VICTOR COHEN.

MORAL REARMAMENT IN THE IDEOLOGICAL WAR

HISTORICAL analogies, like statistics, are notoriously misleading and arouse the keenest controversy. One of the most widely discussed of recent essays in historical analogy is Professor Toynbee's "The World and the West", where he compares the expansion of our Western civilisation with that of the Greeks. Our "free world" is the equivalent of the Hellenistic world after Alexander, a world in which our civilisation has overrun the others, and provoked their reaction against us. This fact, together with our internal divisions, invites the intervention, and threatens the domination, of an aggressive military power—as the divisions of the Hellenistic world invited the intervention and domination of Rome.

Russia has the advantage, which Rome never had, of a powerful ideological weapon in Communism to re-enforce her military might. This could well prove decisive in the present struggle for the "uncommitted" sectors of the free world, whose peoples (especially in Asia) have no sense of being partners with the West, and are reacting against Western domination, be it in politics, economics or culture. As in Hellenistic days, a potent form of nationalism has developed against the brash and thrusting lordship of the West. This reaction Communism everywhere exploits. With its industrial revolution and technical development the Soviet "world" has been able to build up immense military power, which has come into precarious equilibrium with that of the West. But this "peaceful co-existence" is temporary and will only be maintained as long as it suits the Soviet book. Not that this balance of power will necessarily break down into a general war. More likely there will be piece-meal aggression from the Soviet side, Communist risings judiciously supported, the disruption of industry and trade by highly-trained minorities within each country, and a long drawn war of nerves fought with all the guile of diplomacy, propaganda and economic baits. The build-up of destructive weapons has reached the point where major war has ceased to be desirable as an instrument of policy, when instead, in a situation where a certain balance of armed force exists, the decision is made by ideological means. In the all-important matter of ideological weapons the Soviet world has, at present, the advantage. The West still needs to find an ideology which will give its own peoples unity, and win the uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa in constructing a world order which offers them the fulfilment of their aspirations. It is the same problem as faced the Hellenistic powers—how to find an ideology which appeals to the non-Western masses as well as to the westernised few, and unites all freely in an equal partnership for achieving a common aim.

As in the case of our Hellenistic predecessors, what hampers us most is our sense of superiority. We have not adjusted our minds to the strange shifts which history brings. Lands which have been for centuries the focal points, the disseminating areas of civilisation, cease to be so; and instead the focus moves to those areas which have been the hinterlands. Again it moves back to areas which have once been the most highly civilised, but which for a time have been static or dormant. In this light we should expect to see the focal areas of civilisation shifting to Africa and South

America, while it is already clear that the peoples of the Moslem world and Asia are once again moving forward to resume a leading role. But facing these possibilities needs a radical change in our inherited attitudes, and a readiness on our side to admit these peoples as partners in the fullest sense, before the Soviet world has finally wrested the initiative from us. Such changes have taken place in history. The great change which eventually took place in the outlook of the Hellenistic peoples, after an era of acute ideological conflict, was connected with the rise of Christianity. Since then Christianity has not been superseded, and it is unthinkable that any alternative to Christianity could provide the ideology of which we stand in need. The trouble is that our prevalent Western ideology is not Christianity at all, but a brand of materialism sometimes in a Christian disguise, and sometimes decked in the garb of scientific humanism. To live Christianity as the New Testament presents it, and as the Church proclaims it, would be to live a revolutionary ideology. Would this be acceptable also to those whose religious traditions are other than Christian? At what point do they and Christianity meet? They meet at the point of a man's deepest need, where the purifying, healing, restoring power of the Cross brings a universal answer. This power demonstrated in the lives of men and women exercises an attraction to which peoples of all faiths and backgrounds respond. It is the answer which must be accepted on a world scale before our present conflicts lead on to the greatest disaster of history.

The age-old problem is the relation between the moral law and the individual, and the individual and society; on this pondered the sages and prophets of the ancient world, from China in the East to Greece in the West, during those centuries of spiritual travail which brought to birth the great philosophies and religions. The culminating event of this worldwide crisis was the revelation of God in human life as a Person, and in the corporate life of those who accepted this fact and lived out its moral implications. This truth, valid for all men then, is equally valid now. But it must be so presented to attract, not to repel, those of other faiths and the multitude, even in Christian lands, who have lost whatever faith they had. The need is the presentation of this truth, with its accompanying moral challenge, in terms that have a universal appeal; something which can be accepted by all men everywhere and which can be expressed by each in his own traditional terms while being lived out in common. Such an ideology, applied in the free world, would quickly radiate its attractive power to the other side of the iron curtain. It would result in the social order being reshaped in accordance with the moral order by men who have found the spiritual power to accept the challenge of moral absolutes in their daily lives. Christianity is rightly claimed to answer this universal need, but there must come a new dynamic if the individual is to respond in practice. How to apply the electric shock which will galvanise not merely individuals, but whole communities, even nations, to take the necessary steps?

In this connection the work of Dr. Frank Buchman, now in his 77th year, commands increasing attention. He has sponsored no doctrinal novelty, but has taken his stand on applying in practice the truths of Christianity in a way which, he maintains, can "change human nature and remake men

and nations". His many journeys in Asia, Africa and most other parts of the world during the past half-century have confirmed in his experience the universality of the need and of the answer. "Crows are black all the world over" is a Chinese saying which he often quotes. If we are honest we find that our basic urges, weaknesses and failures are just like the other man's, no matter what country he comes from. On the foundation of this common need we can face the claims of the moral law, which is absolute and permits of no exceptions. Formulated as absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love, it brings freedom from comparing ourselves with others, and so from relative standards which always imply pride and defeat. These moral standards sharpen the sense of need which can only be met by the basic Christian experience of forgiveness and rebirth. This is the challenge which Dr. Buchman has uncompromisingly proclaimed. It has been bitterly rejected by some who seek comfort in soft living or power-seeking, and in less searching interpretations of life. But those who have accepted this challenge have found the secret of spiritual power—"the greatest force in the world" as he calls it—which is the starting point of every valid faith.

The outcome of his life-work has been the answer to that individualism which has atomised modern society, and to which the totalitarians have tried to give an enforced, all too human solution. As a result of his initial experience of change, he found that the barriers had fallen which separated him from other men, and that on this basis of openness others began to share with him in the same spiritual experience and to find the same power for transforming their lives. In this way personal experience became a social factor, the growing-point of something other than an organisation, but rather an organic community which has grown into a world force. Its recent impact on Africa has given hope to many statesmen and leaders as showing a way through the tangle of problems. An inter-racial conference, the first of its kind, was held last year at Lusaka in Northern Rhodesia under the auspices of the Governor, Sir Gilbert Rennie. Subsequently Moral Re-Armament contributed to solving the constitutional deadlock in Nigeria, and has helped to relieve tension in South Africa, by furnishing a new vision of national destiny in which men of all races have a part and an equal responsibility. In Kenya at the Athi River camp, MRA-trained men have played a vital role in winning hard-core Mau Mau to a positive, co-operative approach to the social problems of the country. Equally striking was the outcome of Dr. Buchman's tour in Asia in the winter of 1952-3, sponsored by Prime Ministers, cabinets and leaders from all walks of life; the meetings and plays arranged by the travelling force of 200 which accompanied him had an enthusiastic reception from thousands in every city that was visited. Its initial impact and growing influence led to a sharpening of the Communist Party line against MRA, as a new factor which jeopardised the Kremlin's long-term ideological offensive for winning the uncommitted millions of Asia. In a number of broadcasts from Moscow Moral Re-Armament was presented as having reached a stage in its development where, "in addition to building bridgeheads on each continent and training cadres capable of spreading this ideology among the masses, it has now started on its decisive task of total expansion throughout the world."

The children of darkness are in their generation often wiser than the children of light, and this assessment may be more accurate than most members of a somewhat uninformed public are able to make here. Fortunately there are many leaders in Europe who see in MRA a powerful factor for bringing unity, and who, like Robert Schumann, Chancellor Adenauer, and Mr. Kraft, recently Foreign Minister of Denmark, have recognised it as a vital force for rebuilding our battered civilisation. At the MRA assemblies at Caux in Switzerland this approach to constructing a supra-national order has been convincingly demonstrated. M. Schumann has called it "the beginning of a vast transformation of human society". It points the way to avoiding a repetition, in even ghastlier terms, of the dark age which overwhelmed the civilisations of the ancient world. It provides the groundwork for realising in the social and political order those great truths which, through the spiritual travail of the centuries, have become the universal heritage of mankind.

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MME. DE POMPADOUR—III

THE voluminous journal of d'Argenson mirrors the moods of the Royal Family, the courtiers and the author as envious eyes watched the ascent of Mme. de Pompadour to the position of uncrowned Queen of France and waited eagerly for her fall. She had so many powerful enemies and the King was regarded as so incurably fickle that no one predicted an indefinite continuance of her sway. As a hostile observer he is as little to be trusted as Saint Simon in his scorn for Mme. de Maintenon, but his impressions over many years are more revealing than the anaemic entries of de Luynes. Two years after her rise her enemies were confidently expecting a collapse. "The Royal Family begins to conspire," he recorded cheerfully in February, 1747. "At the last hunt she was in the carriage of the Dauphin, the Dauphine and Mesdames, who had agreed not to talk to her whatever she said. She was furious. Thus the storm gathers." A week later he thought it was about to break. "Keen observers feel sure she will soon be dismissed. The cause will be the feeling of disgrace to see the King in fetters and his favour so misplaced. The Royal Family will manage it. To-day the Dauphin and Mesdames, by the Queen's orders, begin the attack by contempt and scarcely speaking to her. They plan amusements for the King to induce him by cards and suppers to live in his family of whom he is very fond, particularly of the new Dauphine. The Dauphin's rudeness, apathy and hatred of the mistress grows," noted the diarist on March 13; "when he sees her his anger redoubles, and the Queen spurs him on." When the Dauphin and the Pompadour put forward rival candidates for a post, the Dauphin won. The Court buzzed with speculation, for she had few friends. "Everyone says she will soon have to go," wrote the diarist on April 30; "there are the same pointers as there were with Mme. de Mailly. The King has had no relations with her for months. She is depressed, loses flesh and has

become odious. She employs the time that is left to her to extort all possible favours for herself, her family and her friends, and we witness unworthy sights." A week later he was still more confident. "I hear the King has taken a great dislike to her, and there is talk of other ladies."

A year later, in March, 1748, there is the same hostility, the same wishful thinking, the same illusion about the sentiments of the King. "She sells everything, even regiments. The King is increasingly governed by her. People ask what can be done under a master who neither thinks nor feels." Seeing her at Mass he found her greatly changed, looking unhealthy and exhausted. "She cannot stand up to the life she leads—late hours, spectacles, always thinking how to amuse the King." His hopes rose ever higher. "There is more talk than ever that the King will dismiss her," he noted in September, 1748. "For eight months he has not touched her. Her resources for prolonging the spell—the comedy, ballets, dancing, music—are exhausted. Several courtiers begin to turn their back on her. Perhaps the King at last knows and feels the disgrace of her charms. He reads in the secrets of the post what people say about him. One hopes he will not abandon his pleasures with the aid of bigotry at the expense of reason. His temperament is believed to be greatly diminished by having begun too young, but he will always need some female society. There is talk of two great ladies of the Court. Let the new Sultana live with him like a respected friend." A year later, in August, 1749, d'Argenson records that she has become a skeleton. "The lower part of the face is yellow and dried up; as for her throat, there is none. Yet the King by force of habit treats her carnally better than ever. Several courtiers saw him the other day caress her cynically behind a screen." He showed how much he thought of her—and how little of her enemies—when he took her to Havre in 1749 for an inspection of the fleet. In October, 1751, the diarist reluctantly admitted that she was the First Minister, and in May, 1753, that she was more powerful than ever.

A far more sympathetic portrait is painted in the voluminous journal of the Duc de Croy, a respected courtier and soldier, who first saw her shortly after her *début* at Versailles. "She was at her toilette. No one could be prettier. She was full of engaging talents. The King was quite right to love her best, for she was most amiable." In a delightful phrase he describes their relationship as *un scandale de convenance*. "She was on excellent terms with the Queen, as she had urged the King to treat her with great consideration. She was always at her card parties, behaving with much grace and propriety. From time to time, like every one else, I went to her toilette. She arranged everything very well and was informed about everything. Marshal Saxe, who seemed very attached to her, was often there." Like most other people, the Duc de Croy pestered her with requests for posts for his friends, usually in vain, for even the Favourite could not always work miracles.

Though journals are far better testimony than memoirs compiled long after the period they describe, the latter often record enduring impressions. Dufort, Comte de Cheverney, was appointed at the age of twenty to the post of *Introducteur des Ambassadeurs*, serving for six months every year. Writing after her death he pays her what many Frenchmen regarded as the highest of compliments: "Every man would have wished to make her his

mistress. She was tall. Her eyes had a fire, intelligence and brilliance that I never saw in another woman. She put the prettiest of them into the shade. At Compiègne the Ambassadors, except the Nuncio, after being presented to the Royal Family, went to her reception. No one understood so well how to treat every one in a fitting manner. To avoid etiquette she received at her toilette. The arts, the talents, the sciences, paid her homage. The talk was gay and natural though not profound. Her conversation was adapted to each of her visitors." Voltaire, the most accomplished flatterer in France, her favourite author and friend, saluted her with the words : " *Vous réunissez tous les arts, tous les goûts, tous les talents de plaisir.*" The most convincing confirmation of the compliment was provided by the painters who conveyed something of her matchless elegance and charm. Socially it was the most brilliant period of the reign. People grumbled about hardships, commented Barbier in 1745, but they always found money for their pleasures and fêtes. In the long list of mistresses of the Valois and Bourbon rulers she holds without challenge the first place.

The deepest cause of her anxieties, as she sorrowfully confessed, was her temperament, and she found it increasingly difficult to respond to her lover's insatiable demands. When Mme. du Hausset remonstrated with her on her heating diet, she explained that she feared she might cease to be attractive to the King. In her extremity she turned to Dr. Quesnay who experimented with stimulating drugs. When aphrodisiacs proved of no avail, her royal lover, as she had resigned herself to expect, looked elsewhere for a warmer response. Physical relations ceased in the early fifties, probably in 1751. The greatest and most unprecedented of her triumphs was that in losing the lover she retained the friend.

It was at this turning-point in her career that what her biographers describe as her conversion took place. To the patron of the *Philosophes* who had never displayed the slightest interest in religion the ending of the *liaison* offered a welcome opportunity of putting herself right with the *dévots* at Court. It would be no less incorrect to attribute the change exclusively to a spiritual urge than to dismiss it as merely the result of a cool calculation of interest. No doubt her motives were mixed. How far she shared the King's belief in the doctrine of eternal punishment for earthly sins we cannot tell ; but she may well have agreed with many another sceptic that if a risk of hell fire existed, and if it could be met by certain ecclesiastical precautions, it would be folly not to play for safety. An old and cherished ambition was realised when the cessation of her *liaison* with the King enabled her to be added to the *dames du palais* to the pious Queen in 1756. " There is universal disapproval of her promotion," wrote her enemy d'Argenson. " It is hoped that the King, learning of this public outcry, will dismiss her. People complain of her ranking with the great nobility. The Queen's ladies are planning to inform her that they cannot retain their posts. Everyone blames the King. Why, it is asked, did he demand this sacrifice of the Queen ? Yet, so far, there is no change in his attitude to his *bonne amie*. He cannot drop her, and perhaps he prides himself on treating her with even more favour as his reply to criticisms, since he is proud of his autocratic power. She is pretending to lead him back to religion by her example as she sees him attracted to other

beauties. Till recently she posed as an *esprit fort*, but since the latest visit to Fontainebleau she has begun to talk of revealed religion and to fear the divine judgments."

She accompanied the Queen to daily mass, read books of devotion and prayed in Paris at her daughter's tomb. At the wish of the Jesuit Père de Sacy, who was chosen for her and whom she called her confessor, she despatched a penitent letter to her husband proposing that she should return to him ; if not, would he approve her appointment as a *dame du palais* ? His reply to the first question, as she hoped and expected, was No, to the second Yes. The advice of Père de Sacy to leave Versailles was not pressed, for she knew that with Louis XV out of sight was out of mind. What the Jesuits were reluctant to sanction was granted by a more accommodating Abbé, and she proceeded to partake of the Sacraments. Three years later, in 1759, she despatched a letter to the Pope, drafted by Choiseul, complaining that his Jesuit confessor refused the King access to the Sacraments so long as she remained at Court. Only sentiments of gratitude and the purest friendship, she explained, united them. To the demand for her dismissal the King had replied that he needed her for his happiness and his work and that she alone dared to tell him the truth. The Favourite meant much more to him than the Sacraments. "Her system, which I have noted for years," commented the Duc de Croy, "was to gain possession of his mind and, like Mme. de Maintenon, to end up by becoming *dévote* with him."

After the Jesuit attack had been repulsed a storm blew up in another quarter. When the King's passion cooled and the private staircase to her apartments was blocked up her enemies looked round for a rival in the hope of evicting her from the Court. They found what they needed in the newly married Comtesse de Choiseul—Beaupré, and in 1752, during the usual autumn sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau, victory seemed at last within their grasp. The decisive moment arrived when her backers were assembled in the apartment of the younger d'Argenson, Minister of War. The door opened and the young Countess, breathless and dishevelled, rushed in. "It's all over," she exclaimed. "I am loved. She will be dismissed. He has given me his word." D'Argenson's joy was shared by his mistress, the Comtesse d'Estrades, cousin and former friend of Mme. de Pompadour who had brought her to Court ; but Dr. Quesnay, who moved from palace to palace with the King, sat silent. "It will not affect you," remarked the Minister ; "we hope you will stay on." "I have been attached to Mme. de Pompadour in prosperity," he rejoined tartly, "and I shall remain so in her disgrace." When he left the room Mme. d'Estrades exclaimed : "I know him, he won't give us away." With the ball at her feet the new Favourite committed an error in tactics which ruined the campaign. She sought the aid of Choiseul, a cousin of her husband, whom she thought likely to take her side, since he was no friend of the Pompadour. When the King learned that she had betrayed the secret of his letters the scales fell from his eyes ; the delinquent was banished from Court and died in childbirth. The result of the plot, of which the frail beauty was the instrument rather than the author, was to strengthen the position of Mme. de Pompadour whose gratitude to Choiseul for his timely intervention transformed an enemy into a friend for life.

The first grave crisis in her fortunes had been overcome and the threatening clouds rolled away, though further and less formidable attempts at her overthrow were to be made. Despite her fading physical charms she was the uncrowned Queen of France. "More than ever is she the First Minister," admitted d'Argenson ruefully in December, 1756. "She dominates the King as strong personalities dominate weak ones." Richelieu, who detested her, thought her too formidable to attack. She was born for the place, testifies the Duc de Croy. At first she tried to please everyone, but when she felt more secure and learned the secrets of the palace she became less considerate though always remaining polite. Like all the other young men, whether soldiers or civilians, he paid court to her because it was the only way to rise. His reward was an invitation to her weekly supper. Part of her strength lay in the knowledge that she would always stand by her friends. It was equally well understood that she wou'd not lift a finger for anyone who challenged her position or opposed the wishes of the King. Why, asked the President de Mesnieres, one of the luminaries of the Parlement, had his son been refused a post? "Because you furnished the Parlement with arguments," was the reply. Though the result of two long conversations was negative, the lawyer was impressed by the ability and eloquence with which she championed the right of the King to do whatever he wished. In addition to her charms and taste she had plenty of brains, and she stands out as the only intellectual among the mistresses of the Kings of France.

The main result of the breaking of intimate ties was the establishment of a private brothel for the use of the King. "How is it that at sixty-five you have the same desires as at twenty-five?" he asked of Richelieu, an acknowledged expert in the arts of love. "Sire," was the reply, "I frequently change the object. Novelty produces the desired result." The King followed his advice, and during the long interregnum between the fourth and the fifth *maîtresse en titre* he purchased some small houses in the name of a Paris bailiff in a quiet part of Versailles known as the Parc aux Cerfs—as great a scandal in the history of the Bourbons as the *mignons* of Henri III in the record of the Valois. "There were two or three occupants at the same time," testifies Valfons, "who had no communications with each other. Each had her own little house, a chambermaid, a cook, a laquais, and a *gouvernante* in charge. They had a box with a grille at the Comédie, which they frequented in turn and where I often saw them. They received no one, but they were allowed any teachers they wished." The establishment was managed and the girls were chosen by the chief valet Lebel, the unofficial Minister of the King's pleasures, who kept in touch with brothels in Paris. He was just the man for the task, for he had a mistress of his own, and Cheverny describes one of his supper parties where two women of easy virtue were present and a good deal of horseplay occurred. The King's visits were incognito and some of the inmates were told that their patron was a wealthy Polish nobleman. "The King has a little girl of fourteen as concubine," wrote d'Argenson in his journal on December 10, 1752. "He likes young girls as he is afraid of syphilis." "He is more than ever sunk in fleeting amours," he added on April 18, 1754. "He has several little *grisettes* at the same time." Mme. de Pompadour resigned herself to the shameful expedient, remarking to

Mme. du Hausset. "All these little uneducated girls will never take him from me."

We have little information as to how many occupants there were, what were their names, how many children were born, and what became of them and their offspring. Only two come alive. "La belle Morphise," a girl of 14½ named Murphy, daughter of a Paris cobbler of Irish descent, passed several years in the Parc aux Cerfs and is believed to have had five children. When the King was shown her miniature at the age of fourteen he exclaimed : "I cannot imagine such a beautiful child. This portrait can only be an ideal." When she obeyed his summons he took her on his knees, gave her a house, and occasionally received her at the palace. The Maréchale d'Estrées encouraged her to seek the position of *maitresse en titre*, and in May, 1753, d'Argenson noted that such was the general expectation. Finally her pretensions were her undoing and she was married off with a large dowry.

A large share in the King's heart was claimed by Mlle. de Romans, daughter of a provincial lawyer, who objected to being immured in the Parc aux Cerfs and was provided with a residence at Passy. She tried without much success to arouse his interest in her coming child. "I noticed, *ma grande*," he wrote in an autograph letter, "that you had something on your mind when you left yesterday, though I could not guess what it was. I do not desire our child to be registered under my name, but that does not mean that I may not recognise it in a few years if I feel so inclined. I wish him (or her) to be called Louis (or Louise) aimé, son (or daughter) of Louis the King, or of Louis Bourbon, whichever you prefer. I also wish the foster parents to be poor people or domestics. *Je vous baise et embrasse bien tendrement, ma grande amie.*" The boy, baptised Bourbon, son of Charles de Bourbon, Captain of Cavalry, was recognised by the King in 1762. Mme. du Hausset describes an incognito excursion with her mistress to the Champs Elysées, where they found the proud mother with the child at her breast. Some courtiers predicted that he would become a new Duc du Maine, and on the death of Mme. de Pompadour his mother importuned the King for the vacant place of Favourite. She pressed too hard, was dismissed, separated from her child and forgotten. The boy was kindly treated by Louis XVI who named him Abbé de Bourbon.

Another competitor for the royal favour, the Marquise de Coislin, seemed dangerous enough to alarm Mme. de Pompadour in 1755. The peril was averted by a warning from Bernis that a change of Favourites would damage the improving relations with Vienna. Like most aspirants she had already offended the King by her greedy demands. Mlle. Romans was succeeded in 1762 by Mlle. Tiercelin, a girl in her sixteenth year, who bore the King a son in 1764, and was exiled in 1766 with payment of her debts. The Comtesse d'Esparbes, friend of Mme. de Pompadour and mistress of young Lanzun, Choisent's nephew, and the Duchesse de Gramont, Choiseul's sister, were also candidates for the royal favour, but none of them quite fulfilled the conditions exacted by the King. The houses in the Parc aux Cerfs were sold in 1771 when the charms of Mme. du Barry supplied his elderly needs for the remaining years of his life.

To be continued.

G. P. GOOCH.

LIBERALISM AND DEMOCRACY

WHATEVER else may be urged in favour of democracy, as we understand it, it is not hallowed by antiquity. It has been in operation in the United States of America for little over 150 years. It is much younger in Europe, and, indeed, there are still many European countries where it has never seeded itself at all, or has proved unable to withstand the strains and stress of political conflict. In Spain, Germany and Italy it collapsed, and although in the latter two countries it has been restored by force of arms, it is still a very tender plant in both. In Czechoslovakia, under Russian pressure, it voted itself out of existence. Elsewhere in eastern Europe, it never got beyond the first stages of experiment.

It is important, if we are to understand the relationship between liberalism and democracy, that we should first decide what the word means, for, like liberalism itself, it is a vague and shadowy concept. To some it means egalitarianism, to others universal suffrage, to others republicanism, to others government by the people, to others simply the reverse of tyranny. For myself, I think of it as government by consent, and I go back to the *Declaration of Independence* for a clear picture of what the word is intended to convey : "To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Nothing is said there about votes or parliaments or general elections. The principle insisted upon is that of consent, but there is no hint as to how it is to be obtained. That is a matter for the constitutional experts, not the political theorists, and in no two democracies have they reached the same conclusions. Different institutions, different voting systems, different procedures provide a whole galaxy of systems, no one of which can claim to be democracy in a pure, unadulterated form. Democracy is, in other words, the principle of government with the consent of the governed; it is not any particular method of government. One constitution may work better than another, and may be considered more democratic in so far as it provides a better mechanism for the expression of popular consent, but democracy itself is an underlying principle.

It is, moreover, a principle of method, not a principle of right. There is no right to a vote in the sense that there is a right to freedom. The vote is simply a part of the mechanism through which the right to freedom is secured, and if that mechanism ceases to function properly it ought to be abandoned. To the liberal, democracy is the principle of government through which the essential freedoms can be preserved ; its importance lies in its practical efficiency ; it is not a part of the natural law. One of the best liberal definitions of democracy is contained in the *Liberal Manifesto* which was adopted at a meeting in Oxford in 1947 of liberal politicians and thinkers from 19 countries. It has not, to my knowledge, been challenged in liberal circles: "True democracy is inseparable from political liberty, and is based on the conscious free and enlightened consent of the majority, expressed through a free and secret ballot, with due respect to the liberties and opinion of minorities."

That definition is, however, very different from what is accepted by those believers in democracy who do not happen to be liberals. To them, democracy is simply a matter of counting heads, and elections simply devices to decide which of two or more competing groups are to enjoy the fruits and prerogatives of power. The emphasis is laid, not on consent, but on majority. It is a statistical conception as opposed to a human conception, and lies at the root of the troubles to which democracy has fallen victim over the last 40 years. Government by consent is government that enjoys the good-will of the majority, but it cannot be good government unless it is based on respect for the rights of the minority as well. The *Declaration of Independence* does not speak of the "powers" of the Government, but of its "just powers," and it does not say that they are based on the "consent of the majority" but on the "consent of the governed," which includes the minority as well. The reference to just powers makes it clear that there are some things that a Government may not do, no matter how well-entrenched it may be legally. Its function is to secure certain rights, and these rights are the rights of everyone, not just of supporters of the Government. It has, of course, the right and duty to restrain the criminal, the cheat and the lunatic ; it has the right and duty to make laws for the proper regulation of individual and group relationships ; it has the right and duty to defend the community against aggression ; it has the right and duty to initiate schemes of social welfare, to promote the economic prosperity of the community, to stimulate the development of natural resources ; but it has no right, however wide its support, to discriminate against the minority. Once it does that it is no longer governing by consent, but is governing on behalf of the majority. It is no answer to say that Governments have always governed on behalf of their own supporters, for that merely underlines the failure of democracy so far. It is, I think, fair to say that liberal Governments—that is, Governments which, whatever they may have called themselves, accepted the definitions quoted from the *Declaration of Independence* and the *Liberal Manifesto*—have been more inclined than others to govern for the whole people than for a section alone, but I doubt if any Government has yet reached to the ideal.

It can also be argued that the government of a minority by a majority is a great deal better than the government of a majority by a minority. Certainly fewer people are likely to suffer. That is the real basis of the theory underlying universal suffrage ; if everybody has a vote, and the Government is responsible to the majority, it is probable, in theory anyway, that the majority will benefit. That is much better than allowing the majority to be squeezed for the benefit of a small but powerful group. Nevertheless, it is still not government as we have defined it, and, as experience has shown, it is bound to be self-defeating in the end. Recent history is littered with the corpses of so-called democratic régimes which have accepted that view, and, with the possible, and, maybe, temporary exceptions of the United States and Canada, it is undermining such democratic régimes as still remain.

This democratic disease springs from the superimposition of class warfare on universal suffrage, which divides each nation into two hostile groups, each anxious to secure power over the other by amassing a

majority of votes. Formerly, in Britain at any rate, the political cleavage was vertical. There were large numbers of Conservative working men and of Liberals in the upper and middle classes. The advent of the Labour Party ensured that both Conservative working men and upper and middle-class Socialists became rarities, and that elections became manifestations of the class struggle conducted through the ballot-box. The Socialist would argue that that was only right, and that previously the Conservative and Liberal elements in the upper classes had engaged in a mock battle between themselves. Universal suffrage, he would say, means the passing of power into the hands of the workers who form a natural majority. It is all very nice in theory, but in practice it means the division of the nation into two camps, each of which thinks that victory in an election gives it the right to override the other at will. That is the same outlook as is adopted by court factions in an absolute monarchy, only on a larger scale. It deserves to be styled democracy only because it makes use of the democratic machinery. It is certainly not government by consent.

Its main effect is to instil into both sides a fear of being outvoted. The greater the fear of defeat, the less trust there is in democratic procedures. The militant, undemocratic wing of each side grows stronger, and eventually a seizure of power takes place, and the democratic machinery is either broken up, or adjusted so as to make it no more than a legalistic prop for the ruling coterie. That is what happened between the wars in Germany, Italy and Spain, all of which tried to establish democracies. That it has not happened yet in Britain is due to the British genius for compromise, and hatred of extreme solutions. No close observer of British policies over the last 20 years, however, could fail to be alarmed at the drift towards extremism on the left that the stubborn refusal to be stampeded away from the middle way has provoked. In France, the growth of the extreme movements on both right and left is one of the prime causes of anxiety in western Europe.

The facility with which democracy can accomplish its own destruction is, indeed, one of its gravest weaknesses. A successful democracy demands the deliberate exercise of responsibility on the part, not just of the politicians, but of the bulk of the electorate. The larger the latter, the greater the probability of its betraying that responsibility ; for extensions of the franchise go downwards, not upwards. Each new addition to the electorate means a further dilution of its quality. That is hotly denied under the current conventions of political thought, which make it tantamount to heresy to cast doubt on the equal ability of everyone, irrespective of education, intelligence or experience, to make sound, responsible decisions at election time, but it is, nevertheless, one of these obvious, inescapable rocks rising up in the centre of the current of public thought which are none the less real because they are ignored. We are constantly pointing out how foolish it would be to introduce universal suffrage in primitive countries, but it might be as well if we remembered occasionally that, in the west, we have not proved conspicuously fit for it ourselves. What happens is that the politicians, driven by their need for votes, play on the emotions rather than the intelligence of the people, peddle short-term bribes instead of emphasizing long-term needs, harp on immediate

economic ills and their cures, magnify injustices and minimize all that is good in society and appeal to self-interest rather than to the sense of right. It is easier to kindle hatred than love, nationalism than internationalism, selfishness than charity. The politician is not to be blamed if he builds up his following on the less worthy reactions of his audience. That is the fault of the machine he has to use. There are conspicuous exceptions, but, on the whole, democracy as we practise it has given a new lease of life to the demagogue, and it is hard to see how it could have been otherwise. Politics rarely prove a crusade, however earnestly we try to give them moral content. We are still close to the days when Macchiavelli wrote *The Prince*, and, if he were alive and writing to-day, he would probably entitle his treatise *The Ballot-Box*, and deal scientifically with the methods of acquiring power in a democracy. He would certainly devote a chapter to the methods of consolidating that power once it has been achieved.

To a Liberal constitutional devices have little value in themselves ; there is certainly nothing sacrosanct about them. So long as they contribute to securing government by consent, they ought to be upheld. If they fail in that, or if they show weaknesses which, if allowed to develop, will cause them to fail, they must be discarded or reformed. In any event, they must always be watched carefully, for no human institutions are more liable to corruption than those open to the buffetings of political life. Liberals are democrats in the broad sense that they believe in government by consent, but no particular form of democratic machinery is essentially liberal. There is no liberal principle involved in universal suffrage, or in proportional representation, or in bi-cameral legislatures. A republic is not necessarily more liberal than a monarchy. Representation by function rather than on a geographical basis is not necessarily illiberal. It is not the form that matters, but its efficiency in creating mutual trust and confidence between the Government and the governed. We must not make the mistake, however, of thinking that consent is easily obtained, or that it can be produced mechanically from above. It must be "free, conscious and enlightened." New techniques have made it easy for the dictator to plaster his photograph on every building, and set the ether constantly humming with his name, but consent produced by such means is none the less tyranny because the crowds come out to cheer him in their millions. The secret police stands in the shadow behind them. Genuine consent is rooted deep in the hearts of the people, and the Government is its flower. It can only manifest itself in liberty, and it is only valid when it is expressed deliberately with the knowledge of what it means. There can be no consent where the people do not have access to the facts on which their consent can be based ; and consent divorced from responsibility is as unlikely to produce good results as any other irresponsible action. On the Secretariat Building in New Delhi the British Raj caused the following inscription to be placed: "Liberty does not descend to a people. A people must raise itself to liberty. It is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed." It is rather smug and platitudinous, but the point about platitudes is that they are true. So long as people are unfit to live in democracies, democracies will not work, no matter how perfect they may seem on paper. In the meantime, it is the

special task of the Liberal to watch their operation with hawk's eyes, and to have the courage to speak out when he sees them in danger of collapse. It is the spirit of democracy that has to be preserved.

JOHN H. MACCALLUM SCOTT *Secretary-General, Liberal International*

THE MAGIC OF BARRIE

SIR JAMES BARRIE belonged to no particular school of thought, nor can it be ascribed to him that he was influenced by the hints and precepts of the critics with their vague rules. He was popular with all classes of readers and play-goers, and deservedly for his style, grace and charm of manner, but he is significant of nothing in modern drama, for on the stage he is most delightful when he allows his fancy to roam uncontrolled by reality. "The Little Minister," it is true, apart from a too-abundant sentiment, was a picture of real life, for it had the advantage of being founded upon one of the best of his prose-tales. But in a play like "The Admirable Crichton" he carries us over into the regions of pure burlesque. "Lord Loam" holds that class distinctions should be effaced, and he is ready to sit at meals with his servants. Crichton, his butler, believes that class distinction should be observed. The theme is dramatised by the shipwreck of Lord Loam's yacht. Lord Loam, his daughter, her cousin, the tweeny maid and Crichton find themselves on a desert island. Here the butler comes to the front, discovers means for supporting the life of all, and the others are virtually his menials. But after their rescue and the return to London the old order reasserts itself, and Crichton falls back into his original position. Equally popular have been his other plays of burlesque fancy or sentimental humour, "Little Mary," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Quality Street."

Barrie's fantastic fun in its own way contributes a distinct and original contribution to humorous literature; while its special characteristic lies in the self-consciousness of the jester and the capricious blend of romance and reality in his method. The spirit of mockery is more in evidence than in the elder humour; there is an absence of that immense flow of animal spirits that meets us in Dickens, or the tender, spontaneous whimsicality of Lamb. The humour is less universal in its appeal, but it is excellent, and there is a poetic flavour in Barrie's humour that may always be sure of an enthusiastic audience. He can touch with an ease and a grace which is given to no other modern writer the sentimental, the pretty, the humorous in undreamt-of situations. In his later plays, notably in "Dear Brutus" (1917), and "Mary Rose" (1920) Sir James Barrie added, with the happiest effect, a strain of romantic mysticism, a characteristic which is peculiarly a part of his genius. He may not possess the force of a strong personality, but popularity has left him the individuality of his work.

It was with fiction that Sir James Barrie won his fame. He began by earning his livelihood as a journalist, and his early books are largely made of periodical articles and sketches carefully revised and deftly welded together. In 1883 he was a leader writer on the Nottingham Journal, but in the following year he joined the staff of the St. James's Gazette, and his "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," and "My Lady Nicotine"

appeared in that paper. He was soon writing for other periodicals including the British Weekly and Henley's National Observer. His first book, "Better Dead," a short extravaganza, appeared in 1887. It relates the adventures in London of a young Scotsman who joins a society which exists for the purpose of disengaging the earth of spurious existences, in other words of assassinating those who are weary of life. To adopt an old criticism it would have been better for this burlesque had it been more angry or more witty. As a piece of pure jocularity it grows tiresome, for the jesting is heavy-handed; and Stevenson's "Suicide Club" suggests a comparison in the same genre not altogether to the advantage of Barrie's early tale. Nor had he found himself in "When a Man's Single" (1888), which is no more than a collection of episodical sketches tagged together and given the form of a book; although the dry wit and humour characteristic of his later work here re-appear. It was, however, in the purely Scottish books that Barrie was most successful. He has scarcely since surpassed his early "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." They are both volumes of detached stories and sketches. The quiet humour, subdued realism, quaintness and sentimentality in dialogue and situation which characterise these sketches also lend all that is best to the later Scots tales: "The Little Minister," "An Auld Licht Manse," "Margaret Ogilvy," "Sentimental Tommy," and its continuation, "Tommy and Grizel."

In "Auld Licht Idylls" the author sketched in a spirit of kindly and sympathetic satire the Auld Lichts, one of the most primitive in faith and theology of the Scots' sects, for whom "there were three degrees of damnation—auld kirk, play-acting, chapel." Their kirk was chiefly supported by folk of the stamp of the old woman whose only "case against the minister was that he did not call sufficiently often to denounce her for her sins, her pleasure being to hear him bewailing her on his knees as one who was probably past praying for." "A Window in Thrums" follows the pattern of its predecessor; it is a collection of studies, not a novel. Jess, the old cripple woman, sits in a window and watches with untiring interest all the minute goings-on of life in Thrums. Kirriemuir, under the name of Thrums, has become as well known on the map of literature as Cranford or Casterbridge. But the background of landscape and scenery is often curiously slight. Thrums is never as vivid to the eye of the imagination as Hardy's "Dorchester" in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Barrie is interested in his little village folk, and he is content to supply no more than a background that is sufficiently clear and definite in outline to frame his characters or throw them into relief. The opening chapter of "Auld Licht Idylls" is one of the few exceptions to this statement, and an exception which can only make us regret that the author has not more often written descriptively.

"The ghostlike hills that pen in the glen have ceased to echo to the sharp crack of the sportsman's gun (so clear in the frosty air as to be a warning to every rabbit and partridge in the valley); and only giant Catlaw shows here and there a black ridge, rearing its head at the entrance of the glen and struggling ineffectually to cast off his shroud. Most wintry sign of all, I think as I close the window hastily, is the open farm stile, its poles lying embedded in the snow where they were last flung by Waster Lunny's herd.

Through the still air comes from a distance a vibration as of a tuning-fork; a robin, perhaps, alighting on the wire of a broken fence."

Human nature is, however, the main purpose of these tales. Viewed from one side, Barrie was, in my own view, a better dramatist than novelist, and I am aware there are reliable critics who hold a contrary opinion; but to look at all sides, and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is, no doubt, the duty of a critic. But how if a certain side be so often presented as to thrust forward in the memory and disturb it in the effort to recall that total impression (for the office of a critic is not, though often so misunderstood, to say " guilty " or " not guilty " of some particular fact) which is the only safe ground of judgment? It is the weight of the whole man, not of one or the other limb of him, that we want. Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character, and in spite of a few slight blemishes there is surely no lack of that exquisite sensitiveness in Barrie's work which is the conscience of the artist. His "*Peter Pan*" fairy books, and "*My Lady Nicotine*," are wholly an outcome of kindly and sympathetic study of the Scots country folk.

The dialect novel sprang into popularity in the late "eighties" with Barrie's "*Auld Licht Idylls*," and along with Barrie in the "nineties" must be associated S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, in their tales of Scots' life. Every experimental period is necessarily self-conscious in its art, and, save in the hands of a few masters, intense self-consciousness meets us in the fictions of the last twenty-five years or so. This is by no means such an embarrassment to enjoyment as it may seem; but since it throws the onus of pleasing entirely on personal equation, its limitations are obvious. Barrie exerted himself to give pleasure to his vast audiences at all times. "*Peter Pan*" and "*A Kiss for Cinderella*" are apt examples. If true use of dialect be, however, a virtue in a writer, a slight exaggeration is not a matter of great moment, and Sir James Barrie has the genius of more excellent things—a knowledge true if not deep of unsophisticated human nature, of pathos and humour in common lives: and he has, further, a wit that comes not rarely and always justly. In these gifts he has no rival. I should say that Barrie is more apt to dilate our fancy than our thought, as great writers have the gift of doing. But if he has not the potent alchemy that transmutes the lead of our commonplace associations into gold, yet his sense is always up to the sterling standard; and though he has not added so much as some would have done to the stock of bullion which others afterwards coin and put into circulation, there are few who have minted so many phrases that are still a part of Scotland's literary currency. Where he rises, he generally becomes fervent rather than imaginative; his thought does not incorporate itself in metaphor, as in purely poetic minds, but repeats and reinforces itself in simile. Where he is imaginative, it is in that lower sense which the poverty of our language, for want of a better word, compels us to call picturesque. But after all, he is best upon a level, table-land, it is true, and a very high level, but still somewhere between the loftier peaks of inspiration and the plain of everyday life. Where he moralises he is always good, setting some obvious truth in a new light by vigorous phrase and happy illustration.

There is a great deal to be said for the texture of the average English mind which prepared it for Barrie's subjugation from the other side of the

border. No observer of men can have failed to notice the clumsy respect which the understanding pays to elegance of manner and *savoir-faire*, nor what an awkward sense of inferiority it feels in the presence of an accomplished worldliness. The code of society is stronger with most persons than that of Malaya, and many a man who would not scruple to thrust his fingers in his neighbour's pocket would forgo green peas rather than use his knife as a shovel. The appreciation and admiration for Sir James Barrie and his works by the vast audiences he entertained in England is a wonderful testimony of friendship towards the Scots generally and for Scotland in particular. The submission with which the greater number surrender their natural likings for the acquired taste of what for the moment is called the World is a highly curious phenomenon, and, however destructive of originality, is the main safeguard of society and nurse of civility. It is only a great mind or a strong character that knows how to respect its own provincialism and can dare to be in fashion with itself. Barrie never at any time failed to respect and honour his native Scotland.

J. B. PRICE.

ARCTIC CANADA

BUSH-PLANES are being used to an ever increasing extent in the drive to broach the great natural resources of Canada's "Northlands". Aircraft ranging from Stinsons, Beavers, Bellancas and Norsemen, to D.C.3s, Bristols and Convairs are maintaining scheduled passenger and freight services across areas which, even five years ago, had yet to be fully mapped and which are yet to be adequately explored on foot. Canada's Northwest Territories stretch to within 600 miles of the North Pole and are some six times the area of France. Her Yukon Territory exceeds 200,000 square miles of "barrens," tundra and mountain massifs. The total population of these remote Northlands does not exceed 40,000, and in the past their remote immensity forbade the broaching of the natural resources they were known to contain. The bush-plane changed all that. Uncertainly at first, but with increasing vehemence, aircraft encroached on the preserve of the husky sledge-dog until, last year, bush-airlines carried more than a quarter of a million passengers and sixty thousand tons of freight to new settlements sprung up since the war in what the authorities in Ottawa describe inadequately as the "unsettled areas of the North." Bush airlifts maintained by the major mining companies operating in Northern Canada and Alaska carried at least another 30,000 tons of freight to new mining camps "in the bush."

The mining localities of the Northwest Territories received supplies, during the short summer, by barge along the tortuous rivers that flow northwards into the Arctic Ocean. The Yukon is served by road, and river in summer. And in winter the more remote mining settlements in Yukon and the Northwest receive supplies by tractor-drawn freight-sledges. But aircraft are the key to the speedy development of Canada's Northlands—the scheduled freight services of the bush airlines that operate to the very rim of the Arctic Ocean and to Central Alaska, the individual bush-pilots who operate into the interior from these main trans-North trunk routes,

and the airlifts operated by the larger mining companies engaged on "development projects in the Northern Wilderness." Typical of the latter is the "development" of an ore-field in the barrens 150 miles from Yellowknife. Using light aircraft to establish an airstrip at the mining site, and then twin-engined freighters, 650 tons of mining machinery was flown in. The machinery included plant for treating ore so that by the time a road is driven through to the new mine concentrates will be stockpiled for delivery to Yellowknife. Not only was this new industrial settlement established by air. The operating mining company estimates that to have delivered mining machinery to the camp by tractor-drawn freight-sledges (with dog-teams, the only means of cross-country transport in this rocky area) would have cost \$160 per ton. By airlift, and including the cost of building an airstrip, freightage was \$90 per ton.

In the earlier days of bush-flying the planes used were operationally uneconomical. Limited cargo capacity and the long hauls between the settlements of the Northlands meant high freight costs. As recently as 1942 freight charges between Edmonton ("Gateway to the North") and the gold-boom town of Yellowknife 700 miles away in the Northwest Territories were \$50 per 100 lbs.; and the freight was heavy mining machinery, building materials, sewage piping, etc. Today Edmonton-Yellowknife freight charges are only 18c. for the first 100 lb. and less than 15 c. per 100 thereafter. And passenger fares? To give just one example: the C.P.A. Edmonton-Hay River fare has been reduced from \$115 to \$66. Reduction in fares and freight costs began with the merging of the small bush-lines operating light aircraft into bush airlines with the capital to develop new trunk routes. Pacific Western Airlines typifies the development of an airline from one bush plane—from the Junkers monoplane in which Rus Baker served a remote area of Northern British Columbia after the 1914 war. Subsequently, as General Manager of P.W.A., Mr. Baker served this same area, at least one of its fur-trading outposts, grown into a major industrial town, with D.C.3s.

So it was with Associated Airways and Canadian Pacific Airways. C.P.A. emerged between 1939 and 1942 from a merger of ten small groups of bush-pilots owning 77 aircraft of 14 different makes, a polyglot collection ultimately to become 9,800 miles of main-line north-south air services. Canadian Pacific is the largest of the new "trans-North" bush airlines. Its fleet of D.C.3s and Convair 240s operates northwards from Vancouver to Central Alaska and from Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean, serving new oil-field, mining, forestry, hydro-electric and smelting undertakings. These new ventures are not post-war industrial bubbles with dilapidation and untended airstrips at the end. One, the "aluminium" smelter city of Kitimat, will cost £100 million before it is completed. Another, now under construction in Northern British Columbia, will cost £2,000 million. A score or so of mining undertakings which will cost an initial £20 million. And all of them rely to a greater or lesser extent on the new bush air-liner or on the many light bush-planes operating between the new trunk-routes and the interior. The work-a-day service of the new bush airlines is typified by the scheduled, summer-and-winter, sun-and-blizzard, freight and passenger Edmonton-to-the-Arctic and Edmonton-Alaska services operated by C.P.A. And if Beavers, Bellancas, Cessnas, Stinsons and Piper Cubs

and their cousins cannot compete with D.C.s, Convairs and Bristols on the "long hauls" they are still the key to the development of the vast areas flanking the main trans-Northlands air routes.

Light aircraft are being used to deliver men and materials to new mining centres, mail to remote settlements too small to warrant the use of (say) a Douglas. They are used to take parties of geologists in the far interior and keep them supplied; to lend oil-crews and drilling equipment or miners and mining gear at possible "strikes" and then help establish these as new oil-development or mining centres, that for example, in the remote Hottah Lake region of the Northwest Territories. The rich mineral deposits at Hottah Lake are being broached by a shuttle service of twin-engine Bristol freighters. But the airstrip on which they laid machinery and supplies was levelled with a 12,000-lb. bulldozer, flown in "in pieces" by the bush pilot Tommy Fox in a floatplane. A more extreme example of the bush-plane in action is the well known one of a Norseman, the famous bush-flyer Ernie Boffa, and a 2,000-lb. item of mining equipment for delivery from Yellowknife to a camp across the lake. The load being too cumbersome for Boffa to get it into his Norseman, he lashed it to one float and partly balanced it with 1,000 lbs. of drill-steel on the other float—having first lashed the Norseman to its tie up to prevent it sinking. Then he climbed into the cockpit, revved up so that when he gave the signal to cut the ropes his aircraft would take off before it could sink. The result? The Norseman "tottered forward . . . mushed along just above the water and sank on the beach within a dozen yards of its target—the new mining camp across the lake from Yellowknife." This is an extreme example of bush-flying. Nevertheless even more normal point-to-point flying in light aircraft is not without its hazards. Eighteen company-operated bush-planes were written off last year, that is one every three weeks. As many again were damaged, some more or less seriously. Blizzards, extreme cold (winter temperatures of 70 "below" are not uncommon), fog, magnetic disturbances, dangerous landing and take-off conditions due to spring-weakened ice or frost-corrugeted gravel add a certain uncertainty to bush-flying in light aircraft. However, the danger element has been reduced to a minimum by the extension last March of the Canadian Ministry of Transport safety regulations for bush fliers, and by that of radar-radio-Loren-Shore-meteorological networks across Canada to the edge of the Arctic Ocean.

The major airstrips built at strategic points in the North during the war contributed greatly to the industrial development of Canada's "Northern Wilderness" by air. With the return of peace, the pioneering spirit in Canadian aviation took over. Mr. Grant McConachie gave form to this spirit when he said, "I am convinced that with a relatively small investment in landing strips, lighting and radio range ground installations, Canada can realize enormous returns in accelerated northern development. The cost of these northland airways would be trifling in comparison with the prohibitive expense and the time involved in attempting to provide surface transportation across the wilderness areas." He emphasised that the remarkable efficiency of the twin-engined D.C.3s and Bristol freighters in comparison with the single-engined bush-plane had already been established and believed that the next logical step was the introduction of four-engined

transports like the Douglas D.C.-6A to the northern skyways. "With suitable landing strips and all weather flying facilities, these big efficient carriers could fly, with high utilization, enormous payloads at low cargo rates in the main traffic arteries of the north, now dependent to a large extent on infrequent, tedious and high cost surface transportation. The big cargo planes could deliver their 30,000-lb. loads to certain strategic centres, with smaller tributary aircraft to distribute these supplies throughout the regions." The "introduction of the D.C.-6A to the northern skyways" would be followed by a 25 per cent. reduction in air fares on C.P.A.'s trans-North trunk routes. Meanwhile C.P.A. is reported to be planning all-cargo north-south services using Curtiss Commandos or Bristols (which Trans-Canada Airlines, Associated Airways and the R.C.A.F. use with success) or a cargo adaptation of the D.C.3. Of these the first mentioned is probably the most suitable, for its freight capacity (2,700 cu. ft.) is almost twice that of the D.C.3 and a war surplus machine, "its cost is only one third that of the Bristol." Introduction of an all-freight main-line bush service would allow for further reductions in freight rates. This would give yet another fillip to industrial development in the immensities of Northern Canada. Another reflection would be a development of the small groups of bush-pilots operating between the main trunk-routes and the interior into new bush airlines operating scheduled services across the very heart of Canada's "barrens." FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

THE BIG TREK

FOR Jean Chemin, French sheep farmer, summer ushers in an age-old trek that takes his flock of 2,300 sheep and goats from the sea-level grazings of La Crau, already blighted by the drought, to the lush Mercantour Range, 200 miles away and 8,000 feet up in the Alps, within a stone's throw of Italy. Toward the end of spring his sheep get leaner and leaner. Their flat, scissor-like jaws scrape the lowland pastures bare, upturning every pebble in their quest for the last blades of grass. As La Crau becomes a burning cauldron under the fiery sun, they suffer intensely from the heat. Despite his eagerness to start, Chemin had to wait for the thaw to set in on the Alps. At such high altitudes spring replaces winter almost overnight. When the sheep reach journeys' end a rich carpet of tall grass awaits them. The sheepmaster used the last days to complete careful preparations for his expedition and the long months he would spend far away from the centres of population. Into a covered wagon he heaped everything needed by people remote from civilisation and markets, for oversight of the most trivial thing would call for a day-long hike, down dales and up mountains to the nearest hamlet, Bouzeyas, ten miles from his shepherd's cabin, which stands in the shadow of 8,396-foot Cime du Voga.

The trek started the same morning the little local newspaper announced "Thaw on the Alps!" Because the animals must be slowly acclimatised to the freezing cold of the mountain-nights, the drive is made in 13 marches ranging up to 15 miles in length. To evade the scorching heat of the day

and the dense traffic on the roads the flock mainly travels after sundown. At 7 p.m., on the first day of summer, old chief-shepherd Bastian, wise in sheep ways, set the animals on their long trek with the sacrosanct formula: "Brrrrr vénî, vénî, pitchounes!" (Now, move along, little ones). Accompanied by his dog Lamir, Bastian was to lead the whole way and keep the pace at a steady mile and a half an hour. He warned me that such a pace, best for the flock, would be hard for me, for it is unnatural and tiring to cut the length of one's step by half. Soon, to the jangle of the rams' bells, goats, horses, asses, dogs and sheep got slowly under way. In the middle of the flock, shepherds Francois and Simon shrilled whistles and cracked long whips. To urge their dogs to start prodding, they shouted in a drill sergeant's voice: "Brillant, Tambour, Marquise, Gracon, jappe, jappe, couquines!" (Bark, you rascals.) Bringing up the rear at the head of the steady grey mare that drew the heavily laden wagon, Chemin set the rear swell in motion with: "Ite, pitchounes!" Unknowingly, he repeated a part of the Latin phrase uttered by the village priest to send his flock home after High Mass. Under the sun's slanting rays, the whole flock, enveloped in a dense cloud of golden dust, went tramping forward to the merry accompaniment of their bells. At a distance, the ringing of a flock's bells sounds like the harmony of swift running waters. During the drive, it sets the rhythm of our life, pretty much in the same way as the bugle controls the movements of an army. In all there are forty different kinds of bells, making up four scales. Each sheep farmer chooses his bells so their notes blend into a sonorous chime peculiar to his own flock. Thus, even at a distance, those who know can identify by ear the flock in motion.

We marched all that night. About 3 a.m., the stars waned and looked as if detached from the sky. The blacker outlines of a farmhouse emerged: we were at La Samatane, our first halting place. Behind a screen of cypresses, Francois kindled a fire between two flat stones and coffee was soon boiling. While we drank cups of the strong, scalding beverage and devoured rashers of bacon with half a loaf, "polenta" was cooked for the dogs. Ravenously they devoured the thick, yellowish mush. The limited amount of grazing the sheep do sometimes on the sly from some peasant's meadow, and the few blades of grass they snatch from the roadside when on this long march, are not nearly sufficient to sustain them. Now and then, Jean Chemin had to provide them with a square meal off some meadow. To the farmer who owned it he had to pay through the nose. When turned on to such a pasture our sheep would start grazing in a single mass, all walking in the same direction. Their tongues swept the widest section of grass possible which their thin lips impatiently chiselled away. Only when the edge of their appetite had been blunted would they get more finicky and look for special titbits. As the road steadily climbed the air became cooler. We followed the left bank of the Durance River. As we travelled onwards our sheep were getting harder and harder. At dawn they could graze with no ill effects on grass impregnated with dew, which would have been very harmful to their health in La Crau pastures. This dew quenched their thirst to such a point that at a pinch they could have done without a drink for a day or two. Yet it was better for them to supplement it with two pints of water a day from icy torrents fed by the melting snows.

We forsook the Durance Valley for that of the Verdon, a swift, sea-green torrent. While rounding a difficult hairpin bend on the steep slope, near Sainte Madeleine Church, the lead sheep, seeing most of the flock below them, turned tail and ran to join them. For half an hour the woolly snake sought to chase its own tail, resulting in a veritable animal log jam. Before tackling the first high mountain passes we rested for a whole day at Oraison. Ahead I could see heights far more formidable than the lesser chain of the Alps already tackled. In the pure light of Upper Provence the snow-capped Lure Mountain stood out so clearly against the skyline that it seemed cut out of cardboard. We passed the big, curiously shaped Les Mees rocks, called the "Capuchins" for their likeness to hooded friars and crossed the Bleone Torrent. Then we took the Napoleon Road. It was noon and the thick traffic on that imperial highway almost proved our Waterloo. Cars, charabancs, trucks and buses blared their horns and seemed to delight in frightening our sheep. Soon the jam reached monumental proportions; everybody began to argue and blame us for the trouble. In glaring heat and blinding dust we tried frantically to round up the ever-stampeding sheep. The dogs leapt on mudguards and stood like generals viewing from a vantage-point the see-saw of a battle. Biting, howling and barking, they somehow succeeded in taming the unruly bore into a single stream, leaving a narrow channel for the vehicles to drive along. Soon we found that a number of the sheep were limping. During a halt, these were marked with a rose-tinted paint. On all but the last stretch, they would be carried by truck. The dogs were getting weary and their paws inflamed by repeated contact with the melting asphalt of the road, left bloody marks as they limped along. We had to do their job, running and waving their little bells at the ever-stampeding sheep. Quickly the strays got back into line, for in their minds the tinkling of dog bells is associated with bare fangs. The slopes were getting steeper and steeper. The trail took a short cut over a mountain, allowing us to leave the endless hairpin bends of the road. We followed a dried stream bed strewn with polished pebbles.

Chemin, having to stick to the road with the wagon, handed me his whip, putting me in charge of the rearguard. Sweating and waving a dog bell to prod the stragglers along, I toiled over the uneven rock bed. At the beginning I could not bring myself to using my whip, but soon had no choice. My dog barely managed to crawl along and was not much help. I was nearly at the end of my tether when we reached Le Lauzet, where we took a day-long rest. The strain of the long journey was beginning to tell on everybody. Worn out with fatigue I had become an automaton. At night I held on to a shaft of the wagon as we walked. Now and then I would fall into a doze, but soon a sharp bump against mare or wagon would painfully jolt me awake. The shepherds were not above falling asleep. But old Bastian was so used to the trail that he managed to trudge along in his sleep as long as his feet were treading the hard asphalt of the road. As soon as they touched soft grass he would wake with a start. Then we began the narrowest and dizziest part of our trek, following a road that climbed high over the Bachelard Valley. The Bachelard is the smallest and easternmost sub-tributary of the Rhone in these parts. We had to climb over a last steep chain of mountains that separates its catch basin

from that of the Tinee Torrent. In the upper part of this valley was our journey's end. Before tackling this last and more formidable obstacle we rested 24 hours at Bayasse village at the beginning of the 8,786-foot Restefond Pass. Since we were to exchange the highway for a mule track, the wagon was left behind in a shed. Its cargo was transferred to pack-saddles on the mare and the asses. Along this final stretch, often clouded in mist and clouds, the asses were to lead the way, for they have a phenomenal memory for country. Once an ass has trod a winding mountain track, he will remember its bends for ever.

As the top of the Restfond Pass got buried in fog and clouds we started pushing our charges for all they were worth, ever afraid lest some sudden summer storm would catch the flock huddled close in a narrow defile. Fog and lightning, what redoubtable enemies ! In the nick of time we reached the relative safety of the broad strategic road cutting across the pass. Hailstones almost as big as eggs began to lash painfully at the animals' muzzles. They stopped and lowered their heads, submitting meekly to the full fury of Nature. We began thrashing them mercilessly to keep them going, but no amount of blows could make them budge. With a blinding crash lightning struck the top of the pass a few feet above our heads. Scared out of their lives the animals scattered like chaff in the wind. Despite pounding hearts and bursting lungs, we ran like mad to round up our terror-stricken charges, at the risk of falling over some precipice, concealed by the creeping fog. "First the lead rams !" shouted someone. In that icy cloud I pricked my ears for the flat sound of the rams' bells. By chance I caught hold of the all-important ram and, for all his fierce buttings, I shook his bell as if my life depended upon its ringing. Suddenly the North wind began blowing with a whiplash in it. The fog cleared away like a routed host. Soon the loud and clear jangles of the other leaders' bells began echoing all together, rallying the scattered ewes. Everybody was wondering how many casualties. The preceding year, in the same pass, Chemin had lost 346 sheep struck by lightning. I had thought that the ordeal would be over with the end of that steep climb. But under a steady sleet drizzle the descent to the Camp des Fourches pastures 1,000 feet below the pass, was to prove a trying experience. Along a steeply descending mule track, converted by the storm into a muddy torrent, I soon got all covered with a sticky clay. To put the brake on my altogether too rapid and breakneck descent, my crook being not nearly sufficient, I sought the smallest stone, the least chink on the track. When there were none, I just sat and slid. Never have I felt so lonely and miserable. Only then, in my fear of getting left behind and my anxiousness of sticking my solitude to 2,300 other solitudes, could I fully grasp what must mean the herd-instinct to the sheep. At last, rounding a last bend, we emerged into a vast circus, topped by the dazzling whiteness of the eternal snows. I realized that journey's end was really at hand only when the older animals of many treks had quickened the pace and tempo of their bleating, scenting the pen near. At mid-slope of the Cime du Voga I could see three small cabins, built of unhewn stones. My stamina drained to the limit, half-frozen, I fell rather than sat upon a stool in front of the cabins. Hot coffee and food soon revived me. Sheep and goats had already thrown themselves ravenously upon the rich sweet grass,

ever-living the present fleeting moment, without fright, without thought, even though we had lost many casualties by the mountain-side. Such is the forgetfulness, resignation and fatalism of animals—and for all I know—the overpowering and unscrutable wisdom of animals.

Marseilles.

MAURICE MOYAL.

AUSTRALIA IN ANTARCTICA

THE Australian Antarctic Expedition has established the first permanent base on the Antarctic mainland some 2,000 miles South-West of Perth. It has been named Mawson, in honour of the veteran Australian polar explorer, Sir Douglas Mawson. The leader is Mr. Philip G. Law, a physicist from Melbourne University, and director of the Antarctic Division of the Department of External Affairs. A party of ten men is manning the new mainland station for the first twelve months. The expedition is a landmark in the history of Australian exploration and scientific enterprise and it may lead to the discovery and development of valuable food and mineral resources. The party will consolidate Australia's claim to a large section of the Antarctic and gather scientific and mineral information from the hinterland. The establishment of this permanent mainland base marks the first phase in a long-range programme of scientific research. Such research must be constant if it is to have any really scientific value. Along with Australia's weather stations at Heard and Macquarie Islands, the base will become the centre for the transmitting of weather information making possible more accurate meteorological forecasting in Australia. Radio communication with the Commonwealth will eventually be followed by an air link as it is planned to establish an air base on the Antarctic mainland. What are the reasons for Australia's increasing interest in these ice-bound barren territories? The Commonwealth's Antarctic Territory covers approximately 2,500,000 square miles, and Mr. R. C. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, has said that with science advancing at the present rapid rate and with the world steadily becoming smaller, Australia cannot afford to overlook the potential of the Antarctic. No one, he added, can forecast the importance of this territory within fifty years. British Antarctic exploration may be said to go back to the first recorded crossing of the Antarctic Circle by Captain James Cook in 1773, and Australia's interest in the Antarctic is a natural consequence of being so close to the polar continent, the nearest point of which is only 1,455 miles from Hobart, Tasmania. Antarctic conditions play a most important part in forming Australian weather, and the new mainland base will prove most valuable not only to meteorologists, but to farmers and pastoralists as well.

Australian Antarctic Territory embraces more than a third of the world's largest unknown land mass and, bearing in mind the Commonwealth's comparative proximity to it, it is perhaps not surprising that Australasians have played a prominent part in Antarctic exploration. The roll of names is remarkably impressive, since it includes among leaders of expeditions, Douglas Mawson and Hugh Wilkins (both subsequently knighted), and Hugh Rymill; and a number of others such as the eminent geologist,

Edgworth David (also knighted), Priestley, Debenham and Worsley, whose names are associated with some of the greatest of other Antarctic adventures. Australian participation in Antarctic exploration began when Louis Bernacchi joined Sir George Newnes' expedition in 1898. Bernacchi was with Carsten E. Borchgrevink, pioneer of land travel in the Far South. He was a young Norwegian schoolmaster in Australia, who shipped before the mast on Captain Kristensen's *Antarctic* when she sailed south to examine the prospects of whaling in the Ross Sea in 1894. On the voyage with him was an Australian, John Bull, a Melbourne merchant, who at the age of 50 became a whaler and a sealer and, with his companions penetrated further south than any but Ross and Weddell. At Cape Adare, the north-west point of Victoria Land, these men were the first to set foot on the Antarctic continent. Impressed by what he had seen, Borchgrevink went on to enlist British support for an expedition he planned. He found a public-spirited and open-handed patron in Sir George Newnes, who equipped an expedition under the British flag in the *Southern Cross*, thus initiating a new era in South Polar exploration.

Borchgrevink's was the first expedition in winter on the Antarctic continent. He left England in 1898 and landed again at Cape Adare, in the north-west corner of the Ross Sea, passing the winter of 1899 in a stout wooden hut which did good service to Scott's northern party twelve years later. The choice of base proved an unfortunate one, as the explorer did not succeed in climbing the cliffs or getting round the frozen shore at Cape Adare. Therefore no sledge journeys to the south were possible, but the land party made observations and collections of considerable value. The *Southern Cross* wintered in a milder latitude, but returned in the spring and sailed south to the Ross Barrier, where Borchgrevink discovered that the edge of the ice was considerably further south than when visited by Ross in 1842. At a place where the ice was low enough for the ship to lie alongside, he found the surface so smooth and level that he travelled over it for several miles on ski, and so made a modest record of "furthest south." Despite the handicaps the expedition had to face this was a notable pioneering effort, the first sustained foothold on the Ross Sea coast, from which others were soon to advance to McMurdo Sound, to the Beardmore Glacier, and so to the Pole. Unhappily the value of Borchgrevink's work was not adequately recognized, for at the time no one at home realized the difficulty of land travel in the Antarctic. Yet he made the first advance by proving that the Antarctic climate was not too severe for human existence, and that the surface of the Barrier was a highway to the South.

Louis Bernacchi, an Australian physicist, was one of Borchgrevink's men, and two years later he returned to the same area. It was in 1902, and he was with Captain Scott's first expedition. Sir Douglas Mawson, Sir Edgworth David, and Dr. MacKay, well-known Australian explorers, were with the first Shackleton expedition of 1907-8, and shared in the distinction of discovering the south magnetic pole. The first named led the Australian expedition (1911-14) and the British, Australian and New Zealand expedition (1929-31), which discovered, charted, explored and scientifically investigated large tracts of the polar continent. Another Australian, Sir Hubert Wilkins, was a member of Shackleton's last expedition—he died when engaged in it—to the Western Antarctic in

1921-22, and in 1928 made the first flight across to Grahamland. In 1929-30 Sir Hubert made further exploratory flights. Australia's first expedition after World War II was in 1947, when the permanent weather stations on Heard and Macquarie Islands were established.

Australian Antarctic Territory was established by an Order in Council, dated February 7, 1933, which placed under the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia that part of the territory in the Antarctic Seas which comprises all the islands and territories, other than Adélie Land, situated south of the 60th parallel of south latitude and lying between the 160th and 45th meridians of east longitude. The exception of Adélie Land from the Order is due to French claims based on rights of discovery and occupation. Thus Australia's post-war activity in the Antarctic is the result of years of accumulating interest. The aspirations of men like Sir Hubert Wilkins, who constantly advocated the setting up of a series of Antarctic weather stations, and the continual exhortations of Sir Douglas Mawson, made from the Chair of Geology at Adelaide University, led to the sending forth of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition in 1947, already mentioned. The meteorological stations on the two islands have been maintained for seven years now; they have yielded valuable scientific data; and have profoundly affected weather forecasting methods.

A number of reasons lie behind Australia's Antarctic activity. For strategic reasons it is vital that this land mass, almost as big as the Commonwealth itself and lying close to its back door, should remain under Australian control. Quite apart from these considerations, shorter South Pole routes will be used by aircraft linking South America, South Africa, and Australia. Moreover the great ice continent is in reality a treasure-house of material and scientific riches needed by a rapidly maturing world. Geologists have estimated that Antarctica's coal deposits are the world's greatest. Discovery of iron, copper, molybdenum and other ores has heightened possibilities. In addition, the geological structure of the Australian Territory suggests it will prove rich in uranium. Mr. Casey has said that the Federal Government is also interested in the food potential of the Antarctic in view of the fact that world production of food is falling behind increase in population, and the food potential of this area in years to come could fill the present gap in production and demand. Antarctica's surface waters, richer in phosphates and nitrates than any other ocean, are afloat with vast masses of plankton, the minute organisms that provide the basic food supply of most marine life. This superabundance has a two-fold food significance. It provides sustenance for the biggest concentration of marine life in all the oceans, yielding a £30,000,000 harvest of whales annually for the floating of factories of Britain, Holland, Japan, and Norway. Perhaps even more important are the possibilities inherent in technological research exploring methods of preparing the plankton for stock and even for human consumption. The present expedition, which safely unloaded 400 tons of cargo, has the most modern equipment for polar exploration and research, including amphibious aircraft, snow vehicles ("weasels"), prefabricated huts and specially designed clothing. Besides radio transmitters and weather and other scientific instruments, there are medical and surgical equipment, including blood transfusion and X-ray plant. The programme embraces geological

and cartographic surveys, meteorological and biological studies, geophysical research, and observations of the aurorae, sea-ice phenomena and tides. One of the main tasks will be to fix all landmarks within a radius of 300 miles. It is hoped by glacial seismic investigations to determine the exact size of the continent beneath the ice-cap. The aircraft are reckoned to be ideal for exploration, because they can carry survey parties between the major landmarks and thereby eliminate dangerous treks across the great expanses of icy waste.

RICHARD C. STONE.

RHYTHMS OF THE BRAIN

ALIVING organ produces electricity. As long as the heart continues to generate electric currents it is alive, no matter whether heart beats can be heard or not. This has been accepted as a definite proof of life. Similarly, the brain produces electric current, and as long as this current flows, the brain is functioning. Dr. Hans Berger of Jena, in 1928, began the first serious studies of brain currents. He performed his first experiment in a quiet, darkened room. The recorder was tracing a rambling, jagged line, indicating brain voltages like those reported by earlier investigators. Time passed; the subject grew bored, relaxed and closed his eyes. At once the jagged lines vanished; they were replaced by a beautiful, smooth, rhythmic wave. Dr. Berger observed that his subject had relaxed and his brain had apparently ceased from its labours. "Open your eyes," he commanded. This was done. The beautiful wave disappeared. "Now close them again," the wave reappeared. Was this wave caused by the brain or merely by the act of shutting the eyelids? Dr. Berger decided to find out. With the subject's eyes closed he had him do a simple problem in mental arithmetic. During the process of thinking the rhythmic wave disappeared and was replaced by the jagged one. Thus was the first problem in brain electricity solved. When the brain is at rest it produced a rhythmic line. When the brain is at work it writes in a jagged pattern.

As time went on Dr. Berger discovered other interesting things about brain waves. The brain-at-rest wave was termed the alpha rhythm. Its rhythmic beat occurs at the rate of 8 to 13 per second, usually about 10 in most persons. Its intensity varies in different subjects between 20 and 75 millionths of a volt, normally averaging about 50. A second normal rhythm of somewhat lower intensity and faster, ranging between 18 and 50 per second, Dr. Berger called the beta rhythm. Frequently it is found in high-strung persons and seldom disappears during thought. Quite often the alpha and beta rhythms occur together. Other scientists have continued with the fascinating research initiated by Dr. Berger, and many interesting facts about the workings of the brain have come to light. In Babies' Hospital, New York City, it has been discovered that brain waves start at birth. They do not, however, acquire a steady rate until the infant is six months old. The rate gradually increases until the age of 10 or 12 when the normal rhythm of 10 per second is reached.

Closely connected with our story has been the work of Dr. Lee Edward Travis, who has evaluated brain electricity in terms of intelligence. His experiments were conducted in the following manner. Two rooms were used. In one the person to be tested relaxed on a couch. The room was lighted dimly, by a shaded desk lamp. To the lobe of one ear and to the top of the head of the subject were pasted two tiny, flat pieces of metal. A copper wire, fine as a hair, passed from each metal disc through the wall into a brightly lighted adjacent room. The wires carried an electric current flowing from the head of the person on the couch. This current is in millionths of a volt and it is the actual electrical pulse of the living human brain. An amplifier in the examination room stepped up this brain current so that it traced a line on a strip of paper. In the examining room sat Dr. Travis watching these brain waves, and after the experiments were over he correlated them with the mental processes that produced them. Five kinds of mental states were recorded: imagery, sensation, mental effort, abstract thinking, and mental blankness. Under the heading abstract thinking were reports such as "organizing my lecture," "questioning the advisability of using tests," "considering my grounding in experimental psychology," "hoping certain things aren't true," and "wondering if brain waves are related to personality." The term mental blankness was used to denote mental rest, a thoughtless calmness. On the tape abstract thinking usually showed up as the large, ten-per-minute, regular waves. Mental blankness was also large calm waves of the same type. The other three states of mind were associated with relatively small waves of greater frequency.

In all brain experiments the large regular waves are those of calmness. They are like the waves most apt to appear in sleep. From these and other experiments it would seem that mental effort is written electrically in small, fast, jagged lines, while mental inactivity and relaxed thinking is written in large, rhythmic waves. In experiments before those made by Dr. Travis it was found that emotions and mental effort straightened out the waves on the tape. The line often becomes too smooth to map any wave movements discernible. The explanation is that parts of the brain beat at different rates during mental effort, so that the waves cancel each other. "It may be disturbing to some of us," says Dr. Travis, "that for a relatively large share of the time mental blankness and abstract thinking are alike in that both are coexistent with a basic cortical equilibrium, as expressed in the collective action of the brain cells. All through brain potential work it has appeared that factors effective in disturbing the alpha rhythms are those which focus consciousness. Some of the time abstract thinking was associated with smaller and faster waves. Here then must have been a more discreet factor present in the form of a sensation or image."

Other interesting studies in brain electricity have been made by Drs. H. Davis and P. A. Davis of Harvard, and Drs. A. L. Loomis, E.N. Harvey and G. Hobart of the Loomis Laboratory. They were particularly concerned with the manifestations of diminished mental activity which takes place during drowsiness and sleep. Thus, according to electrical signs, the following wave patterns are indicative of various levels of brain activity:—

A. Alpha rhythm. This is the normal waking state. Waves appear on

the strip of paper at the rate of ten a second.

B. Low voltage. The alpha rhythm is lost. Drowsiness.

C. Spindles. Short waves appear, fourteen to the second, in groups. Also random "delta" waves. 0.2 second or more in length. This is indicative of early sleep.

D. Random. The spindles subside, but the delta waves continue. This means deep sleep.

The records show that the alpha waves of wakefulness drop in voltage as we become drowsy, and that the interruptions in their rhythm are more and more frequent. Delta waves are the first signs of sleep.

One interesting fact that these researches have brought to light is that the transition from the waking state to the drowsy state does not occur in all parts of the brain at the same time. Alpha waves may be suppressed in one part but continue in another, while true sleep, or delta waves, are detected elsewhere. This helps to explain why some persons say, "I was wide awake all the time," when actually a part of their brain was asleep. Interesting is the story of Tommy's brain waves as told by Dr. Philip Solomon. "Tommy, aged eleven, had been destructive, disobedient, hyperactive, impulsive and stubborn all his life. Some days, however, he would be perfectly good, and on other days terrible. There seemed to be no reason for these cycles . . . he was hard to handle. Once he refused to go to the dental clinic and tore his shirt." Tommy improved under treatment, but one thing that did not change was the peculiar fluctuation in his behaviour from day to day. In school about two days out of every week he was so confused that trying to teach him anything at these times was profitless. What was different in Tommy on these difficult days? Dr. Solomon resorted to the brain-wave-recording machine to find out. In Dr. Solomon's words : "Now, this strange and exciting discovery that this instrument permitted us to make was this: When we took the brain wave records of Tommy, who was not suspected of having epilepsy, we found the same seizure waves that epileptics have. What is more, on the days when Tommy did poorly in school and seemed especially bad tempered, his brain record was full of seizure waves, while on good days when he was perfectly behaved his brain record was perfectly normal. Here, then, was the explanation for Tommy's peculiar behaviour. We had come upon a new and unsuspected cause for his misbehaviour. It had previously been recognized that some epileptic individuals behave badly after their attacks. In fact, many crimes, even murder, have been committed under these circumstances. But when a child who was not regarded as epileptic could have the same brain disturbance and the same type of behaviour was something not considered before." The implications here are most important—that we have come upon a new and unsuspected cause for misbehaviour as well as the inability to learn, a disturbed brain-state present in non-epileptics as well as epileptics revealed by seizure waves. All over the world physiologists are studying these brain waves and rhythms. They are learning some very interesting and significant facts about how the human brain works.

ENGLAND'S FIRST STATE LOTTERY

THAT the bills proclaiming the setting-up of England's first State Lottery were "imprinted at London in Paternoster Row by Henrie Bynneman, anno 1567" is plainly stated at the foot. But as to who drew up the numerous provisions which constituted the lottery we have no explicit information. It was projected in 1566 when Elizabeth had been barely eight years on the throne. By the summer of 1567 hundreds of bills* had been circulated both in London and in seventeen other important towns, two of the seventeen being "Dublyn and Waterforde in the Realme of Irelande." Each bill was five feet in length and nineteen inches in width. About twenty inches space at the top was given over to drawings illustrating the chief prizes in money, plate and tapestry. Then followed the "*advertisement*: A very rich Lotterie Generall, without any blanckes, contayning a great number of good prices, as wel of redy money as of plate, and certaine sorts of marchaundizes, having ben valued and priced by the commaundement of the Quenes most excellent Majestie, by men expert and skilfull; and the same Lotterie is erected by hir Majesties order, to the intent that such commoditie as may chaunce to arise thereof after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparacion of the havens and strength of the Realme, and towardes such other publique good workes. The number of lots shall be foure hundred thousand, and no more; and every lot shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterleng only, and no more." Next came a section headed *Three Welcomes*. It concerned the first three persons to whom any lot should fall. The first one of all should "have for his welcome, (bysides the advantage of his adventure), the value of fiftie poundes sterleng in a piece of sylver plate gilte"; the second "the summe of thirtie poundes in a piece of plate gilte" and the third "the value of twentie poundes in a piece of plate gilte." Next were given descriptive details of the prizes, "the greatest and most excellent" of which was to be of "the value of five thousande poundes sterleng, that is to say, three thousande poundes in ready money, seven hundred poundes in plate gilte and wite, and the rest in good tapisserie meete for hangings and other covertures, and certain sortes of good linen cloth." Then twelve other prizes were listed of irregularly decreasing size, the least worth only £140, of which £100 was ready money.

So much for the first thirteen prizes. After that they came not singly but in groups: groups consisting as it would now appear of arbitrarily chosen numbers. There were twelve equal prizes of £100 value, for instance, followed by "twenty and four prices, every price of £50." Next came "three score prices of 4 and 20 poundes and ten shillings" with "4 score and ten prices every price of £22 10s." in the next lower group. As values descended group numbers rose, so that at one point "500 prices of 50s. in money" were followed by "2,000 prices of 40s. in plate." Lower down the list were actually "9,418 prices of 14s. in money." Even with these 9,418 prizes of 14s. only 29,501 lots were up to that point provided for, so that more than 370,000 lots still remained. In order, we may suppose, to fulfil the advertised promise that the lottery was to be

*Bill cited in full in *A History of English Lotteries*. By John Ashton. Leadenhall Press, 1893. Also in *The Loseley M.S.S.* By A. J. Kempe, 1836.

" without any blanckes " there followed the statement that " All the rest to the accomplishing of the aforesayd number of lottes, shall be allowed for every adventure at the least 2 shills and 6 pens in ready money." Even that unassuming statement would mean the disbursement of over £46,000. With this sum included, the total of the promised money prizes reached almost £90,000, while the value of the plate came to more than £14,000, the tapestry and linen being worth close on £7,000.

With more than £100,000 promised in prizes alone and no allowance yet made for expenses, it might be thought that the lavish bounty of the lottery would be brought to a close. It was far otherwise however. Further benefits were detailed " for the advantage of the Adventurers in this Lotterie, bysides the Prices before mentioned in the Charte." Although never actually stated in so many words it was implicit in the last dozen or so of the lottery's provisions that subscribers were not permitted to hold shares in their own names. Instead they were to make use of some chosen motto: " a devise or posie either in prose or poesie " under which they could claim any awards that might fall to them. These included not only the " welcomes " and prizes already mentioned, but in addition fifteen other money gifts were promised. These were destined for winners who might have several " posies or devises comming together successively and immediately one after another." For instance, " anyone having three such posies was to receive three poundes sterlinc over and bysides the price answerable therfore." Four such posies would bring an extra six pounds, five would give ten pounds, and so on in increasing value until, should eight such successive posies be drawn, the subscriber would receive an additional " two hundreth poundes sterlinc." Even that did not finish the matter. The last provision of all in the lottery actually promised that " so the posies or devises resorting together by increase of number, he to whom they shal happen in that sorte . . . shal have for every tyme of increase one hundred pounds sterlinc and the prices."

It was originally intended and so proclaimed that " the receipt and collection " of the lottery was to " endure for the rest of the Realme bysides London, until XVth day of April . . . in the yere 1568." For London the collection was to continue till " the first day of May next following," so as to be in time for the drawing of the lottery, on June 25th. On the appointed days, the proclamation went on, all the collectors were to " bring in their bokes of the collection of lottes to those appointed to receive their accomptes, upon paine, if they do faile to do so, to lose the profite and wages appointed to them for their travell in that behalfe." Finally it was plainly to be " understood that his Majestie and the Cite of London " would be responsible to " all and singular persons havyng adventured their money in this Lotterie, to observe all articles and condicions contained in the same from point to point inviolably." Strictly speaking this last statement was not final, for there occurred after it a short note stating that " the shewe of the prices and rewardes above mencioned " was to be seen in " Cheapsyde in London, at the signe of the Queenes Majesties arms, in the house of M. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the Queenes most excellent Majestie." This note is more significant than at first sight appears, for M. Dericke was that Anthony Dericke who was Engraver to the Mint in the reign of Edward VI. He was reappointed to

the same office when Elizabeth came to the throne, and was the last goldsmith to hold that important post. He was a promoter of lotteries, so that we may conclude that he had a hand in setting up this lottery. He was also very probably among the "men expert and skilfull" who valued the various pieces listed as prizes.

Attractive as the whole scheme was intended to appear people were amazingly slow in their response. So few people had come forward in London by the September of 1567 that the Lord Mayor issued a special proclamation on the thirteenth of that month, reassuring citizens as to the validity of the undertaking. Early in the ensuing January Elizabeth herself issued a further proclamation, in which the date of the reading was postponed from June 25th 1568 to some time later in the summer. Then in July Sir William Cecil and the Earl of Leicester, as Lords of the Council, sent copies of a circular throughout the country stating that a Surveyor of the Lottery had been appointed. Even so money did not come in as freely as desired, though subscriptions seem to have speeded up somewhat owing to the efforts of various country gentlemen who were urged in the circular "to find ways of animating or moving the people and of putting the same in practise as soon as possible." Records have been preserved in various places as to the money subscribed to the lottery funds. From the Audit Book of Oxford* for 1567-1568 for instance, accounts of the "moneye gathered for the Lottarye, primo Aprilis anno domini millesimo quingentesimo sexagesimo octavo" show that the total then collected, though taken through all the four city wards and the suburbs, only amounted to £24 5s. od. Sums as small as half-a-crown and even a shilling were among the subscriptions. Consequently a "seconde gatherynge for the Lottarye was made in everye parische of dyvers persons, as well howsholders as servantes" and brought in £6 6s. 8d. more. Thus with £30 11s. 8d. in hand it was decided "to lay into the lottarye in the name of Thomas Williams, Alderman, fyftene pounds, his poysye being *Oxoniam petit equalia*. Also in Master Levens name fyftene pounds with his poysye *Aliis dat aliis aufert fortuna*," which left in "Master Williams handes eleven shillings and eighte pence." And what was done with that eleven and eight history does not relate. Perhaps it was because Oxford was a seat of learning that Latin posies were chosen, in which matter the city was like Queen Elizabeth. She chose *Video et taceo* for her device, which if one ponders it deeply is seen to hold a depth of meaning.

In July it was decided that the lottery should not be drawn until November 3rd, 1568, and a proclamation was issued to that effect. Almost at the last moment a further and final postponement of the reading of the lottery occurred. It was decided to begin it on January 10th, 1569. In connection with this decision a herald went riding into Oxford on November 2nd, and for his trouble he was given payment. Entered in the "Accounts of Richard Ladyman and Richard Browne, late Chamberlaynes. Ending Michaelmas 1569" is this: "*Imprimis*, payed to the pursyvaunt wch brought the proclamacion for prolongyng of the lottery untill the tenth day of Januarie iis iiijd." Even this third postponement did not do for the funds what was hoped. Once more a proclamation had to be made

*Cited in *Records of The City of Oxford (1509-1583)*. Edited by William H. Turner, 1880.

when the time of reading had arrived. It was to the effect that only one twelfth part of the sum aimed at had been collected, so that in consequence each of the prizes would be rateably divided in that proportion. All the necessary paraphernalia were got ready and, even than a day behind schedule, the "great lotterie, being holden at London in Poules Church yard at the west dore, was begun to be drawn the eleventh of Januarie and continued day and night till the sixt of Maie wherein the said drawing was fullie ended." * Both Sir William Cecil and the Earl of Leicester we may surmise had had a hand in setting up the lottery so that their disappointment at the comparatively small sum it managed to raise must have been very great. As for Elizabeth, she would be even more deeply disappointed; for, though these were yet early days, she realised that a time would almost certainly come when Philip II of Spain would have to be reckoned with. She knew only too well that England's havens ought to be ever ready to receive and refit her ships if the threat of Spanish invasion should eventually materialise. In one of her flights into poesie Elizabeth expressed her most earnest and deeply-rooted resolve in these words :

"No forreine banisht wight shall ancre in this port

Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elsewhere resort."

The identity of the "forreine banisht wight" is obvious, though almost twenty years were to elapse before he made his gigantic but unsuccessful attempt to land his forces in Elizabeth's much-loved England and "ancre in this port."

W. G. WILSON.

*Holinshed.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

RETROSPECT

THE first article of the present writer's series in this Foreign Affairs section of the Contemporary Review appeared in the January issue, 1923. The article now appearing is to be his last. For more than thirty-two years therefore he has commented month by month, and without a break, on the unfolding of a phase of history which has been singularly painful in its incident and yet reassuringly ordinary in its promise of the good that normally and inevitably, under God's mysterious contrivance, comes out of evil. The evil that men do, despite the famous apophthegm of Shakespear's Anthony, does not live after them, except in the transmuted form of good, and it is the evil, not the good, that is "buried with their bones."

A cursory glance over the developments of the past generation affords an eloquent illustration of that truth, which is the potent source of comfort, because it is of God, to those who suffer. The constant theme of these Foreign Affairs commentaries over the past generation has been the crying need of a christian motive on the part of those in control : a motive which has been almost wholly lacking. Yet God is not defeated by human perversity. It will appear in the retrospect that something near a miracle has taken place. A generation ago we were still reeling under the effects of a first world war which as we reflect upon it becomes more, not less, monstrous as an episode of human folly. It is hard in a sober mood of

reflection to believe that men could be so foolish, or so wicked, or so enmeshed in fear, that the governments of two leading countries in the western civilisation, built upon the christian tradition, should so far have lost their christian commonsense (commonsense being one of the main blessings of that tradition) that they plunged into a reckless, senseless, purposeless war from which have derived the main present disorders in the world.

In the essential retrospect it is not necessary to enter into the turgid detail of a period of restless activity, both military and diplomatic, which has engulfed the world. It is a salutary thing to ignore the detail, and to concentrate upon the plain and simple outline, which indeed stands out plain and unmistakable. At the beginning of 1923 it was becoming obvious even to those who had not retained the elementary commonsense to see it in 1914, that war solves no problem, that rather it creates new problems. The sacrifice of the dead in war is made in vain, except in the subjective individual sense that a man's motive and intention, no matter what be the result, are the factors that count in the formative substance of his own soul. It happened in the first quarter of the present century that a hard test—let so much be admitted—was given to the resource, intelligence and commonsense of the leading politicians who in effect ruled the world. Those politicians were centred in Europe, and particularly in Britain. The British Empire was the biggest single thing in world political affairs. Having the power, the privilege and the benefits of such an empire, with its industrial connotation of access to the main raw materials of the world, the leaders of British thought and action could not escape the corollary of their main responsibility for what took place in the world. An enterprising young Germany which coveted the British heritage and claimed its own "place in the sun" (a phrase which became a cliché of German propaganda) was the spearhead of the test that was applied to British intelligence.

In the light of christian commonsense, which includes charity—and charity is itself the greatest of the famous three gifts of God listed by Saint Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians—there was no diplomatic problem incidental essentially or necessarily to the first decade of the century. Both prosperity and adversity are indivisible and of a mutual quality. If Britain had been willing to allow Germany her place in the sun—to which in all conscience and reason she was entitled—and if Germany had been less provocative and unpleasant in her demand for it, we should have been spared the historic cloud of adversity that descended upon the world in 1914, and which still envelops every nation impartially. There is no such thing, as Mr. Neville Chamberlain remarked in 1939, as victory in war; all the parties to it are losers. This is an elementary truth, elementary to all human experience. We sink or swim together. We prosper together, or we fail together. A prosperous Germany in the first years of the century, helped to be prosperous by an already prosperous Britain, would not have been a menace, but a further source of prosperity, to Britain herself.

By the operation of another of the elementary principles of human conduct, however, it came to pass that British intelligence had been undermined by British prosperity. Unless we bear in mind that all good things are gifts from God, and as such are to be used as a trust from God, we can be hurt, not helped, by the gifts themselves. At the turn of the

century British success, wealth and power were not accepted by the British leaders in the humble responsible spirit postulated by a loving and infallible God. Our intelligence therefore was undermined. We reacted to the German challenge—which indeed was a challenge only to our intelligence—by an unwise resentment and a mistaken sense of insult and offence. When Britain went to war with Germany in August, 1914 the die was cast for a long period of expiation through suffering for the blunder, the sin, thereby committed.

Now the devil, whose business it is to wander through the world for the ruin of souls—a function permitted by God for the ultimate good of our souls by reason of the only true victory that falls to man's endeavour—took his opportunity with alacrity. Under his empire, now given him by the folly of nations, science put into the hands of foolish men—"what fools these mortals be!" observed the Greek cynic, Lucian, fifteen hundred years before Shakespeare repeated it—the weapons which enabled them to make the most, the worst, of their folly. When mischief is afoot, it moves fast. The first world war started in 1914 with no aeroplane in the sky. It was only in 1909 that Blériot had succeeded in flying from Calais to Dover, the primitive aeroplane he used being unable to carry more petrol than was needed for the twenty-mile hop. Before that war ended in 1918, only four years later, there was a British Royal Flying Corps (as it was called) in being; bombs had been dropped on London by German aeroplanes, and the third arm had been added to navies and armies. Land, sea and air were now the scene of battle. By the time the second war started in 1939 (of course there was a second world war, the natural result of the inconclusive first, inconclusive despite the British paper victory) we had dug our underground shelters in advance, knowing in advance that the bombing of old men, women and children would be as integral a part of war as were the traditional operations of the armed forces. By the time that war ended, six years later, bombs were being dropped on cities without the need of an aeroplane, and the first atomic bombs—the new horror—had been dropped in Japan. Hydrogen bombs, cobalt bombs, quickly followed in the crazy cavalcade, threatening to destroy the world at the pressure of a button. The devil never had such a field day since the world began. The sad thought is that the destructive incentive of war should be so powerful a stimulus to scientific inventiveness.

There was a parallel and comparable development in the diplomatic field. Men's minds were disturbed, hearts were torn, and the materialist motive that had started the wars usurped the remaining functions of men's public activity. It was not Lenin who started this modern fashion of what we call with unconscious irony the materialist philosophy. What after all is "philosophy?" It is a human attempt to understand things which cannot be understood, because they are mysteries. Its main function is, or should be, to prove that without the grace of God, without the fructifying leaven of God's part in human affairs—offered as it is to man, but inoperative unless accepted by the free will of man—the working of the human mind is all sound and fury, signifying nothing: "sounding brass or a tinkling symbol," as St. Paul put it in the epistle above referred to. Man's mind cannot by itself explore the means of welfare or of happiness. It can only help a man to use his intelligence and thereby to accept the

free gift of welfare and happiness from God. Philosophy, unless thus subjugated to religion (but the yoke is sweet) is a snare, a delusion, at best a waste of time.

And when in his perversity a man so far misdirects his own philosophic bent as to qualify it as atheist, pursuing the will o' the wisp of a materialist welfare by denying and excluding the only true source of welfare, then the devil dances for joy in the same sort of abandon as Hitler showed when he danced on the Atlantic shore of France after June 16th, 1940. A fruitless and senseless dance, as already proved in the one case and in the course of being proved in the other. The essential simple fact is that when Britain and Germany went to war with each other in 1914, and in the due course dragged the whole world into the cataclysm, they abandoned their Christianity and embarked upon an exclusively materialist trial of strength. Lenin soon jumped in where the fallen angels had not feared to tread. Before 1914 there was no such thing as communism as a political racket. It was only when the soi-distant christians had gratuitously opened the materialist door, that he and his companions rushed boldly in. Evil works fast. By the end of the first world war Russia was communist, by the end of the second world war half the world was communist, and the remaining "free" world was plunged into a maelstrom of materialist struggle, of communist infiltration and subversion on the international level, and of industrial strikes on the national level, all inspired by the unchanging motive of the grasping of the materialist spoils without reference to the true and only source of human welfare.

The so-called Welfare State is a modern monument to a materialist philosophy; in other words to the devil. Welfare results, not from political legislation, or industrial strife, but from human charity. If it be objected that there is no charity, then the answer must be that welfare is unobtainable by any alternative means. The fault in this matter, the lack of charity, has been the main initial responsibility of the capitalist employers. Capitalism is an essential instrument. It does not work however without charity.

Atheism in our time has become a deliberate cult, linked with and explanatory of, the hideous nonsense of the so-called materialist philosophy. There is no need in this now prevailing phase of the fall of man in an historic century, to pile example upon example of what takes place. It is the commonplace fact, well known to all and sundry, that the rudder has got mixed with the bowsprit, and the international technique of communist diplomacy has become entangled in the national technique of industrial warfare. A Roman pope in our time has condemned socialism because—and only because—it tended inexorably to communism. Kerensky was swept aside by Lenin. *La révolution dévore ses enfant*. The trades union "movement" in Great Britain is menaced by the "unofficial" strike leaders who are either openly or virtually communist-inspired. Mr. Deakin is a modern Kerensky, as was shown by his rather pathetic appeals to his defaulting followers during the recent dock strikes. The story, if not complete, is of a clear tendency.

During the past generation we have witnessed the unfolding of a distinctive episode in human history. Superficially it is a bad episode. But already the façade is cracking. It is seldom the case that a thing is too

good to be true. It is often, indeed always, the case that a thing can be, or appear to be, too bad to be true. The worst never happens. When we say that by God's omnipotent contrivance good is brought out of evil, we make a statement of fact deriving from faith and experience alike ; when we go on to observe the workings of the mystery, we often observe the subsidiary fact that the supernatural is based on the natural. In other words we observe that by the very nature of things, evil encompasses its own undoing, while good is permanent and indestructible. Moreover, and this is the kernel of the mystery, evil tends unintentionally to enthrone the good.

This superb and engrossing truth can be applied and tested in a study of foreign affairs in our time, and especially during the past generation. If we look carefully at the matter we see that the very perfection of the instruments of destruction, as foreshadowed in the second world war, is the probable, the almost certain, instrument whereby war will be abolished from the devil-inspired habits of men. Indeed, it is not too long a jump to declare that but for the atomic bomb the apparently inextricable entanglements of high diplomacy since 1945 would have led by now to a third world war. There have been, and are, incidental "hot" phases of the diplomatic vendetta—in Korea and south-east Asia for instance—but they have stopped short of spreading into world war. That is a remarkable fact. The German invasion of Belgium in 1914 and of Poland in 1939 led instantly to the two world wars. The treaty violations by Germany were no more palpable than Russia's indirect and vicarious violation of the United Nations Charter. What has caused the difference ? The answer clearly is the fact that war on a world-wide scale would, without the per-adventure or shadow of a doubt, involve the instant use of nuclear weapons which would destroy all parties promptly, impartially and irretrievably. Men hesitate, for instance the twelve men of the Kremlin hesitate, to embark upon open full war when they know that thereby they sign their own death warrant ; and when they know, moreover, that talk of victory in war is even more unrealistic now than it ever was.

The real importance of that circumstance lies in its bearing upon the cause of disarmament. It need hardly at this day be argued that disarmament is the only safeguard against war. The atomic bomb makes disarmament possible, if not probable to the degree of certainty. So far in our diplomatic history all the proposals for disarmament, or even for the limitation of armaments, have failed because the nations, armed and sovereign, stand in fear of each other. They do not trust each other. No nation has been prepared to take the "risk" of disarmament because it fears that another nation might not play fair and might indeed take the occasion to steal a march. But if a respite could be arranged, during which every nation could count with confidence upon the respect of the truce by every other nation, then the opportunity would be given for drafting and putting into operation a full scheme of disarmament. Once put into practice such a scheme could confidently be expected to hold, because the entire world being unequivocally disarmed, the devil's instrument, namely fear, would be knocked from the devil's hand and no one would want to start again the insane habit of international war. The devil in short would himself be disarmed.

A scheme of disarmament would be the simplest thing in the world to elaborate with complete and foolproof perfection. Any child could do it. The necessary machinery has more than once been detailed in this section of the Contemporary Review. Its basis would be an agreement for total, universal disarmament, carried out, supervised and guaranteed by a permanent disarmament commission constituted in such a way as to make mistakes and dishonesty alike impossible. That is to say, the commission would have permanent representatives stationed in the capital of every sovereign state. Their only business would be to see that no armaments were manufactured in that State. The commission would be so constituted that in each capital its representatives would be drawn from every other country except the one being disarmed. In London for instance there would be no British representative, in Moscow, no Russian. Every representative therefore would know that his own country was being effectively and totally disarmed, as it were, behind his back, and that therefore it would be his responsibility to see that the country where he was stationed should be also and likewise disarmed. There would be a sort of competitive thoroughness. The incentive to efficiency and thoroughness would be foolproof. The only necessary prerequisite would be the respite from fear.

Everyone knows, and has known throughout the century, that the talks on so-called disarmament, whether at the Hague or within the confines of the League of Nations or the United Nations, have been doomed from the start because each of the talking Powers was sovereign, and could therefore in an emergency ignore any undertaking that had been given. There was no supernational authority that could impose obedience. Fear therefore ran rampant through every conference. No progress was made, or could be made, in such a circumstance. The difference now made is that the atomic bomb launches the greater fear that drives out the smaller. It acts as a sort of supernational deterrent and therefore as a supernational authority. It imposes upon all nations impartially the basic need to abolish all armaments because one of them, the nuclear weapon, which would inevitably be used in the event of war, would destroy all nations. As a first step in this natural climax it is already evident that the old conventional types of armaments—armies, navies and airforces—are an anachronism, made so by the overriding destructiveness of the nuclear weapon.

It is established that the destructive range of the cobalt bomb would encircle the earth, destroying every form of life in its path. Though the fact of the conventional weapons being now an anachronism be evident, yet, mortals being what they are, it is not yet generally obvious. Military experts go on speculating about the difference that is made to the technique of war by the nuclear weapon, but they do not yet see that the difference is total. They still postulate the retention of the conventional weapon. Human habits are tyrannical, the human mind is the victim of habit, and it takes a long time to dislodge prejudice. But the process has started. There are those in high places, though they be still in a minority, who see the light. It is soberly possible at this time to foresee the outcome of good from the evil ; of a disarmed world resulting from the very perfection of armaments, the disarmament being enforced by the recognised significance and potentiality of the new atomic weapon. War was aforetime thought

(nonsensically) to be a means of national self-defence. The avoidance of war through disarmament is now seen to be the only effective, and the only remaining, means of such self-defence.

This great truth, this upshot which smacks of miracle, but is merely an incident in a divine order which gives a bias to good over evil, is the central lesson, with its commensurate consolation of what we have experienced and suffered in the past generation. If men refused to use their own christian commonsense, given to them by a loving God for the purpose, to save them from themselves, then the results of their folly became, under the same providence of almighty God, the imposed means of salvation. War, science, armaments : an unholy trilogy ; but out of it came the armament that can banish armaments, so that war can be banished from the sum of human folly. A true example this of the divine providence which ordains that good not only comes from, but is produced by evil.

January 11th, 1955. GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CAVOUR AND GARIBALDI*

There is no more controversial chapter in the history of nineteenth-century Europe than the Risorgimento, which Italian Nationalists salute as Italy's finest hour and which many Catholics denounced and still denounce as involving a criminal attack on the Temporal Power of the Pope. Was Garibaldi the stainless hero of Dr. Trevelyan's colourful trilogy ? Were Cavour and Victor Emmanuel splendid champions of the aspirations and interests of the majority of the Italian people ? Did Pius IX, after a liberal start, degenerate into a stubborn reactionary leagued with the enemies—at home and abroad—of Italian nationhood ? To such questions, as to so many others in history, no final answer can be given ; everything depends on the colour of our spectacles. The primary function of historians is to investigate and interpret, not to make propaganda for their country, their class, their party or their creed. This modest but essential task has been conscientiously performed by Mr. Mack Smith in a massive monograph based on a wealth of new material from public and private archives. His detailed survey of the crowding events of 1860 in Sicily and on the mainland provides the fullest and fairest account of the crucial months in which Italy became a nation-state.

The familiar classification of nineteenth-century Italians into the friends and foes of national unity under the House of Savoy greatly oversimplifies a very complicated problem. That the standard-bearers of the nationalist cause were deeply divided by temperament and outlook is the main lesson of the book. The author sympathises with the emotions of the Risorgimento but he keeps his head amidst the clamour. Most of the glamour is gone, and there is none of the hero-worship common in the older narratives. "Garibaldi was no thinker, and indeed could not be called very intelligent, but he was a man of principle. He possessed almost childish illusions about human nature, and believed excessively in the good sense and resilience of the common people." Never an extremist, he was the unwavering champion of the House of Savoy. Here he differed from Mazzini, who vainly waved the Republican flag. But he also differed from Cavour in his conviction that Italy should be liberated and unified by Italians without delay or invoking the aid of foreign rulers and foreign

troops. While Cavour put his trust in diplomacy, Garibaldi looked exclusively to the people whom he loved.

Though Cavour, the liberal conservative, stood well to the right of Garibaldi, he was equally little of an extremist. When the soldier sailed with his Thousand Redshirts to aid the Sicilian rising in April, 1860, he trusted to his own magnetic personality and to the hatred of the Sicilians for their Bourbon rulers in Naples to turn his daring gamble into a spectacular success. Cavour, with far less instinctive understanding of popular feeling, frowned on the expedition, and, after Garibaldi's marvellous overthrow of the Bourbon régime in Sicily and Southern Italy, prevented him from marching on Rome, an enterprise in which he was secretly encouraged by Victor Emmanuel. The statesman dreaded foreign intervention on the sinister model of 1849, when French troops had entered Italy and destroyed the short-lived Roman Republic. While both men were patriots, the one kept his eye fixed on the European chessboard, the other exclusively on the peninsula. Each had and still has his special admirers, and rightly so, for their shares in the making of Italy were of equal importance. Neither could have succeeded without the other. Yet Garibaldi emerges in these pages as the finer spirit, more disinterested, more capable of inspiring love.

The title of the book *Cavour and Garibaldi*, 1860 pointedly omits the name of the King of Piedmont, and Mazzini's share in the later phases of the Risorgimento was as small as his influence in the earlier phases of the Risorgimento had been large. He was the prophet and thinker of the movement for Italian unity, preparing the way, mainly in exile, for the work of the master-builders who possessed the material means to carry out his plan. The collaboration of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel in the making of an Italian nation-state was the prologue to the still more important achievement of German unity by the partnership of Bismarck, King William, Moltke and Roon. Both dramas provide a fascinating study of divergent temperaments more or less fortuitously united in pursuit of a common aim. The book is a portrait gallery no less than a narrative, in which Crispi and Depretis, both destined to the Premiership many years later, occupy a prominent place.

The concluding chapter summarises the argument and should be carefully studied by those who lack time or inclination to read the whole of a very large book. Its most striking feature is the critical attitude to Cavour, who frankly acknowledged his debt to Machiavelli as a master of statecraft. "If we did for ourselves what we do for our country," he exclaimed, "what rascals we should be." Bismarck might have used the same language, and indeed both these makers of history used without scruple any tools that came to their hand. The one resolved to unite Italy under the House of Savoy, the other to unite Germany under the House of Hohenzollern. Cavour's adaptability and tactical resource, declares Mr. Mack Smith, were quite astounding. "At the very moment when he seemed most helpless between France on one side and of the advancing of Italian volunteers on the others, he had threatened Napoleon with Garibaldi and Garibaldi with both of them; so doing he had neutralised both of them, and had himself intervened as *tertius gaudens* to inherit the Papal States from one and the whole of Southern Italy from the other." Cavour, like Bismarck, envisaged politics as the art of the possible. While Garibaldi hoped to unify the peninsula in 1860, Cavour felt it wiser to postpone the seizure of Rome till all risk of French intervention was removed, and complete unification had to wait for the French garrison in Rome to be withdrawn on the outbreak of the war of 1870. That the Piedmontese Premier and the leader of the Redshirts should dislike and distrust each other was inevitable. "Cavour was sometimes treacherous, often uncertain, and always more or less hostile to Garibaldi, and one can almost say necessarily so. Fundamentally it represented the natural division between Left and Right, between rashness and caution, radicalism and

conservatism, between the method of the sword and the method of diplomacy. One side believed in all or nothing, while the other saw the value of circumlocution and gradualism. Yet both were necessary for the making of Italy."

Mr. Mack Smith's final verdict on Garibaldi is no less convincing, for, like Renan, he believes that *la vérité est dans les nuances*. "His chief service to his country was as a fighter. He still remains probably the greatest Italian fighter of modern times. In the eyes of the populace he was a hero who brought out the best in them. He stood for all that seemed good in the Risorgimento, all that was romantic, honest and popular in the sense of the people, while Cavour, for all his skill and success, stood for many of its worst aspects, for what was matter-of-fact, for duplicity, lack of generosity, for shady bargains with Louis Napoleon and all that was double-edged and deceitful." The young Cambridge historian deserves warm congratulation on his careful scholarship and his unfailing fairness of mind.

G. P. GOOCH.

*D. Mack Smith. *Cavour and Garibaldi* 1860. Cambridge University Press. 45s.

CHINA'S STATURE AND STATUS

Publication of this important and fascinating book, the first of seven volumes, none of which have anything to do with modern politics in any direct way, could, nevertheless, hardly have synchronized better with China's recognition as a great Power, a change in her international status consummated only last year at the Geneva conference; that landmark being preceded by the surrender of Western extraterritorial rights, and by China's inclusion amongst the founder-Powers of the United Nations. During the war Chiang Kai-Shek's China had furnished an important, if unreliable, make-weight against Wang Ching-Wei's, the traitor's area consisting of the maritime provinces, plus an indeterminate strip running along their Western borders, plus the province of Hopei. These areas became Japan's puppets, but when she was prostrated by atomic bombs they automatically released themselves from their artificial attachments and postures and resumed their normal relationships with the rest of China. Yet no country paid more than lip service to China as a political entity until her armies in Korea supplied the acknowledged proofs of international greatness by striking blows as hard as they received. As she seemed able and prepared to proffer similar credentials in Indo-China, she was admitted to the Geneva conference, her Foreign Minister, Chou En-Lai, sharing the limelight concentrated on our own.

As revolutionary a change in China's intellectual status amongst the Nations is now heralded by this book. This status, hitherto, has been appraised mainly in terms of art, literature, Confucian morality and Buddhist and Taoist religions and quasi-religious beliefs. In terms of scientific knowledge and technique China was not held of much account—except insofar as she successfully employed our own ideas and methods. The prevailing conception, indeed, was that such scientific knowledge as she showed had been derived from us, the incomparable West. This first, outline volume, modestly termed Introductory Orientations, though there are libraries of knowledge behind it—knowledge for the first time brought together and presented by a natural scientist with a mastery of both written and spoken Chinese—promises effectively to dispose of that cherished and typically insular illusion. As regards technique the following passage will surprise, indeed shock, most readers. "China produced a profusion of developments which reached Europe and other regions at times varying between the first and the eighteenth centuries, the square-pallet chain-pump; the edge-runner mill and the application of water-power to it; metallurgical blowing engines operated by water-power; the rotary fan and winnowing machine; piston-bellows; the horizontal-warp loom (possibly also Indian) and

the drawloom; silk-reeling, twisting and dousling machinery; the wheelbarrow; the vailing-carriage; the wagon-mill; the two efficient harnesses for draught-animals, *i.e.*, the breast-strap or postilion harness and the collar harness; the cross-bow; the kite; the helicopter top and the zoetrope; the technique of deep-drilling; the mastery of cast iron; the 'Cardan' suspension; the segmental arch bridge; the iron-chain suspension bridge; canal lock-gates; water-tight compartments, aerodynamically efficient sails, the fore-and-aft rig and the stern-post rudder; gunpowder; the magnetic compass; paper, printing and movable-type printing and porcelain. . . . Many more instances, even important ones, could be given."

This list becomes still more interesting when set against the history of ideas. How could it have been, the author asks, that the emergence of techniques was not prevented by the weakness of China in theory and geometrical systemization; by the fact that her science remained broadly speaking on a level continuously empirical? On the other hand, how was it that her backwardness in theory co-existed with the growth of her organic philosophy of Nature closely resembling that which modern science (with which, in the 17th century, her own began to fuse) has adopted? Volume 2 is to give us the history of her scientific thought; volumes 3 and 4 the history of her mathematics and physics, and volumes 5 and 6 that of the chemistry, biology, agriculture and medicine. So, in due course, the questions asked above, and others that suggest themselves, will be furnished with answers, to which, almost certainly, volume 7, comprising social, philosophical and ideological factors, will largely contribute. The publication of these volumes will certainly be awaited with the keenest interest. E. M. GULL.

Science and Civilization in China. Vol. I. By Joseph Needham, I.R.S. Cambridge University Press. 52s. 6d.

DR. BENES' MEMOIRS

Eduard Benes was one of the most outstanding figures of the first half of the twentieth century. He was more than a Czechoslovak. He was a European. Indeed his personal reputation, like his political interest, was worldwide. The translation and publication of another part of his own story, therefore, available in Czech since 1947, was long overdue and is greatly to be welcomed. The sad thing is that this volume of his memoirs cannot be followed by many more. It concentrates on the period from 1938, when he came abroad after Munich, to 1943, when he signed the Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty in Moscow. There is so much he could have said about events long before October, 1938, and long after December, 1943, if he had been spared that his death is to be doubly mourned. And if, as Godfrey Lias says—and as seems to be more or less the case—there is "in existence" a "comprehensive draft" of Benes's account of the Munich crisis, then it is high time that it was published. These memoirs, of course, are more in the nature of political accounting than personal reminiscing. Benes was still an active statesman when he wrote, and one of his aims in this volume was to inform the Czechoslovak people about his activities abroad between 1938 and 1943. What was required in this context was straightforward reporting of facts, and this he gave with meticulous and dispassionate care. It makes sober reading, yet it is all the more moving because of that. As an active statesman, too, he had to be cautious. Writing in 1947 he had to be much more reserved about Churchill and Stalin than about Roosevelt. Yet, where he felt a real need, he was remarkably outspoken, especially, strange as it may seem to some, concerning the communists. But this volume is, for all its matter-of-fact-ness, an absorbing one and, for all its cautiousness, a revealing one. It is, in addition, a testament of character. His integrity and honesty, determination and ability stand out on every page.

The book has a natural theme, the reversal of one Munich and the prevention of another. Benes accepted Munich, partly because he felt that to reject it would save neither Czechoslovakia nor Europe, and partly because he knew that it could not last since Germany was almost bound to provoke a general war soon. In this, as in many other instances, he showed remarkable foresight. But the reversal, however inevitable, still had to be worked hard for. To this work he set himself immediately on the occupation of Prague. It became his "only aim in life" and, in the end, he won complete success. In one way his task was easier than that of Masaryk and himself during the First World War. He had to restore not create a state. But in another it was more difficult. He had to make his first allies, the western powers, admit their mistake—if not much worse—of 1938. He had also to reckon with Russia. Benes was no supporter or abettor of communism, but he did believe the Soviet Union to be a great and growing power. It had to be taken into account. Moreover, it had been excluded from the Munich parleys and had not been directly pledged to Czechoslovakia, a situation which had to be remedied if there was not to be a second Munich. It was Munich which lay behind the Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty, just as it lay behind that other controversial policy, the Sudeten German expulsion. But Benes was as well aware of the new danger coming from Russia as of the old one coming from Germany. The treaty contained a non-interference provision. But, although he allowed the Russians much sincerity (and they told him as much about Teheran as the British—nothing), he placed his main hope in the continued effectiveness of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty. "And so our answer to the question : West or East ? is to say deliberately and plainly : *West and East*. In this sense—and in this sense only—did I sign and approve the treaty with the Soviet Union of December, 1943, intentionally and consciously linking it with the Anglo-Soviet treaty of May 26th, 1942." In other words, Benes knew that the sole guarantee of continued independence for Czechoslovakia was lasting co-operation between West and East, a point which he stressed again and again. "At the time I firmly believed that this (Anglo-Soviet) treaty would continue in operation after the war ended. Was I right or wrong ?" In the short run he may have been wrong, but in the long run he may prove to have been right. "Co-existence" might yet save his Czechoslovakia. At any rate, his book should be read for the future as well as for the past. His and Masaryk's moral principles may have passed away yesterday, but they will be reborn tomorrow.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

Memoirs of Dr. Eduard Benes: From Munich to New War and New Victory. Translated by Godfrey Lias. Allen & Unwin. 30s.

THREE POETS

While it is still too early to assess, for the 1914-1918 poets, their abiding position in the English tradition, the name of Ivor Gurney is already an honoured one, and all lovers of that tradition will be grateful for the present collection, "principally selected from unpublished manuscripts." Mr. Blunden, in his sensitive, discriminating and exquisitely expressed memoir—what joy to read a poet on a poet!—reminds us that Gurney's was one of the rare examples of the two-tongued gift of music and poetry. But what the poetry lover will chiefly remember are two small volumes, "Severn and Somme," (1917), and "War's Embers" (1919). Gurney's history, as Mr. Blunden reminds us, links him irrevocably with those of our young poets whose memories evoke ". . . what is pathetic, tragic, admirable, and vital." He was wounded on the Somme, gassed at Passchendaele, and discharged from the army a month before fighting ceased. Mr. Blunden evokes for us the brilliance of Gurney's talk in the post-war years ; a brilliance which, for those tuned to recognise it, must, even then,

have conveyed a hint of the pathological. From September, 1922, until his death from tuberculosis, in 1937, Gurney was a mental patient. Once more, Mr. Blunden has caught at the heart of the matter in a memorable phrase. Gurney's daily round, with the unavoidable presence of many other people "was a weight upon his nature." One imagines that such a weight must have been insupportable for such a nature.

Selection must have been difficult, for a great deal of unpublished work was left—that it is available at all is due to the poet's faithful friend, Miss M. M. Scott, and in revealing this Mr. Blunden also indicates the peak of Gurney's tragedy. It appears that his ". . . poetical resources and idea of poetry are . . . decidedly greater than in . . . published volumes, but . . . spoiled by . . . incoherence . . . confusion . . ." In the present book are poems which clearly manifest this anguished conflict between the poet—the "maker"—and a disintegrated mind. Inevitably, Gurney has been compared with Smart and Clare, but the likeness is rather in the circumstances than in the poetry. This is not simply because Gurney's poetry bears traces of the influence of modern innovators whom the other two could not have known. It is rather because Gurney himself evolved a quite original poetic ring. The union in him of musician and poet has resulted in a peculiarly aural use of language. He uses words like harmonies, he "strikes" on them, so that, underneath, there are echoes of other sounds. One catches this sense of music and poetry interfused, particularly, in the poems which sing of the life of the 1914 infantry-man; a kind of harmony, a held poetic moment where music almost intervenes. But at its best this poetry is notable, above all, for its power of uniting the experience of past and present into a poetic whole. Severn and Somme—and later—have fused to make a poetry of compassion, love, indignation, and a sort of broken understanding. Mr. Blunden, one imagines, must have picked his way very carefully through the manuscripts, for, not infrequently, one meets, in this book, poems achieving this strong, sane synthesis between those battle-field and West-country memories which so stirred Gurney, and the betrayal of himself—as it seemed to him—by the England he so loved. But too often, of course, there intervene the incoherence and confusion of break-down.

"The splendid fragments of a mind immortal,

With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust"; quotes Mr. Blunden in his most moving tribute.

Mr. Sergeant's book contains two poem-sequences—"The Leaves of Europe" and "The Headlands"—of considerable interest; and also some graceful individual poems. Though there is still a touch of conscious contrivance at the surface of this poet's work, there is no mistaking the true poetic impulse and experience beneath. Mr. Betjeman and Mr. Piper have, between them, concocted a charming trifle, which many people will love to get as a Christmas card, sizeable booklet as it is.

LOVEDAY MARTIN.

Poems by Ivor Gurney, with a Memoir by Edmund Blunden. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Headlands. Poems by Howard Sergeant. Putnam & Company, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Poems in the Porch. By John Betjeman. Illustrations by John Piper. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s.

WORLD CITIZENSHIP

In this stimulating, closely argued book, the author, who is Lecturer in Philosophy, Queen's College, St. Andrews University, has performed a valuable pioneer task. He discusses the problems basic in a developing international community of what principles common to all peoples can be appealed to in the conduct of international arguments and the evolution of international law. In his search for an international philosophy, he has given the name of "mundialism" to those social policies which are entailed by respect for international law, the

criteria of which are in universal esteem. In order to ensure that principles of social policy shall be readily acceptable to reasonable people throughout the world he propounds three tests or "precepts of philosophical method," each of which must be satisfied if the world community is to develop. Firstly, matters of common concern will require for their fruitful discussion a framework of thought which is actually or potentially common to all participants. Secondly, those policies consonant with generally accepted thoughtways which are mutually consistent, should be selected. Thirdly, that system of thought should be cultivated which most assists the reasoned discussion of conflicting social policies, "What we need now is not a new theory of political obligation, but a disclosure of the few common thoughtways, which make possible the organised co-existence within one world community of armed governments adhering to conflicting principles of political obligation.... We should accept the large area of discord which we cannot alter and seek to cultivate whatever common ground our thought shares with that of our neighbours."

National sovereignty is today no more than armed domestic autonomy within the world community. Just as there are no longer any truly sovereign states, so the world community is not yet sovereign. Thus, although the world community lives under a regime of law, it is polycentric in organisation, just as medieval Europe, though not a sovereign state, lived under law despite the unstable equilibrium between its various centres of judicial power. Being all co-citizens of one polycentric community, we owe a loyalty to its law and institutions which should override our other social loyalties whenever they conflict with it.

The goal which the author sets before us is that of world federal government, the constitution of which must be as neutral as possible with regard to the liberal, socialist or mixed policies which national governments severally choose to pursue in their domestic affairs. "The organisational structure... must incorporate a complex, multidimensional balance of power, in which no organised interest need feel devoid of allies and none can permanently dominate the rest." The mondialist "is committed to supporting the balance of world power which will best permit the reasoned discussion of conflicting social policies to continue." This is all very much to the good. But the author reveals, in the opinion of the reviewer, a certain inconsistency when he writes, "plans for a European federation or an Atlantic one have nothing whatever to do with world government." Surely, the whole intention of such plans is tentatively to maintain, within the United Nations, precisely that balance of power for which the author asks.

GORDON EVANS.

The Principles of World Citizenship by L. Jonathan Cohen. Basil Blackwell. 10s 6d.

* * * * *

A History of the Working Men's College, 1854—1954, by J. F. C. Harrison (Routledge & Kegan Paul. 18s.) describes in detail one of the most useful creations of the Victorian era. The oldest adult education institution in the country was founded by F. D. Maurice and a group of friends soon after the Chartist scare of 1848 in the conviction that it was never too late to make up for the lack of schooling in youth, and it has maintained the blend of idealism and practicality unimpaired for a century. In this record of voluntary pupils and voluntary teachers we meet many well-known figures of Victorian and post-Victorian times. The social side of the College has been carefully planned, for, unlike a school, many of its members remain connected with it through the Old Student's Club and other organisations throughout life. This admirable volume, based on the College archives and written from first-hand knowledge, should win new friends for a centre of learning and good fellowship which has always inspired genuine affection in teachers and scholars alike.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

If ever, as William Blake insisted,
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine,
 it is now—when these three pages
 sorrowing for the passing of THE
 FORTNIGHTLY find themselves within
 the hospitable covers of THE CON-
 TEMPORARY REVIEW. Here the little
 lamp, kindled at the great torch of
 criticism first carried in the 1860's by
 Swinburne, George Eliot, Meredith,
 John Stuart Mill, Colvin and Anthony
 Trollope, is to be humbly tended still.
 This indeed is silken twine.

A minority occupation

The future of reading is the theme
 of A SMALLHOLDING ON PARNASSUS
(Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.),
 Sir William Haley's Book League
 lecture. The title is from *A Writer's
 Notes on His Trade* by C. E. Montague,
 in the long-revered passage which
 begins : "If you want to share the
 joys of the intensive reader you must
 almost abandon hope of being a really
 extensive reader too." So Sir William
 invites us to look at the whole mountain,
 and by simple multiplication demon-
 strates that the most we can hope "to
 get shooting rights over" in sixty
 years of reading is 9,000 volumes.
 Therefore he pleads for some kind of
 loose system in the process : associa-
 tive, to become acquainted with the
 circle of a writer ; choosing authors,
 like Jane Austen or the Brontës, whose
 works can be assembled and seen as a
 whole ; founding a small library on a
 single subject ; putting initially dis-
 appointing books as an investment on
 the shelves. A recent Director-
 General of the BBC, he knows that
 broadcasting has been a powerful
 patron of writers and booksellers. With
 television as it is developing there is a
 greater threat of passivity, but statistics
 give him hope that the tendencies of
 the second half of the century will not
 discourage reading—contrariwise, and
 we shall be a nation of morons.

False innovations

Resisting any contemplation of this

possibility, we warily approach THE
 DEMON OF PROGRESS IN THE ARTS
(Methuen. 12s. 6d.), to find Wyndham
 Lewis reassuringly asking us to take on
 trust that he "can see the line beyond
 which the extreme is the nonsensical."
 Fair enough, because before laymen
 have reached his book's end they too
 will feel equipped to analyse the
 impulses and manifestations of "ultra-
 modern art" and their own reactions
 of bewilderment or disgust as well.
 Those who were dazed by the £4,500
 prize that went to Reg Butler's
Political Prisoner in wire, believing it to
 be yet another symbol of outrageous
 "advancedness," will have arrived at
 the same conclusion as Mr. Lewis :
 it "is not at all a novelty . . . this
 simple little stunt . . . and there is not
 much more that can be done in
 senseless progress." All the greater
 then the gratitude that he has in-
 cluded reproductions — especially
 Michael Ayrton's superb portrait of
 Sir William Walton—to illustrate the
 quality of some now engaged in the
 fine arts. Francis Bacon's *Man in the
 Chair* encourages a latent appreciation
 of Graham Sutherland's Winston
 Churchill painting, and *The Gamblers*
 by John Minton, of last year's Royal
 Academy, here in black and white
 points to the Cross traditional as a
 Cimabue. But fundamentally Mr.
 Lewis is less optimistic than Sir
 William Haley and holds the great
 suspense in which we live to be "a
 factor of daily, unrelenting ruin" and
 the book trade "fallen to the same
 abysmal level as the cinema."

The novelist's task

Wyndham Lewis is to be met with
 in the company of Smollett, Marryat,
 Dickens, Wells and Joyce in THE
 ENGLISH NOVEL, by Walter Allen
(Phoenix House. 18s.). The sub-title,
 A Short Critical History, indicates
 those amiable wrangles that the literary-
 minded are fond of starting with all
 who write books about books. But
 Mr. Allen's wide reading and un-

obtrusive research and his comprehension of the evolution and shapes of the novels he cites, command and keep respect. Moreover, he avoids psychological broodings, and he sticks to a programme that surveys the eighteenth century, the first generation of the nineteenth, and the early and later Victorians, so that we are neither sidetracked by muddy speculation nor dizzily flashbacked in time. For the beginnings, he contends that Chaucer and Cervantes influenced our novelists only after the novel was an invented form, and that although Elizabethan playwrights, nearer perhaps to opera, could create the kind of characters we know to-day, they moved in "worlds that are largely non-realistic." To Mr. Allen then, the novel proper that began with *The Pilgrim's Progress*, emerged with *Robinson Crusoe*, and flowered with *Pamela*. He traces the many changes (stressing that art unlike material progress has little to do with getting better and better) to "1914 and After" where perforce the factors of scale and length call a halt. We must await the more difficult examination—contemporaries being notoriously hard to see—of an Elizabeth Bowen, a Joyce Cary, a Graham Greene, a James Hanley, and the rest, in another book. This one, stimulating and satisfactory to student and to voracious or discriminating novel reader alike, makes the waiting tedious.

Eminent days

That the world portrayed in fiction by a Thackeray or a Trollope was indeed static and secure, is itself a pleasant fiction manufactured in the last forty years to point the horrific contrast. On the other hand, those who belittle the achievement of nineteenth-century Britain on the Lytton Strachey biographical pattern, are sadly out of date. For all who have wandered too near these extremes, VICTORIAN PEOPLE (*Odhams*. 18s.) with its reassessments of people, institutions, ideas and events from 1851 to 1867, should be a useful guide.

Eminent ways

This is an enriching book of Asa Briggs, and not less so for its entertainment value, to which his contemporary illustrations add their lively share. He finds dominating the period the symbol of the Crystal Palace, so frail seemingly that the first hailstorm would shatter it: "Instead it was moved from Hyde Park to Sydenham in 1854 and lasted for 85 years until fire destroyed it." Coming so soon after the prosperities of the Great Exhibition, the Crimean War proved to be one of the severest of hailstorms, and Mr. Briggs shows how John Arthur Roebuck, M.P.—who asked the House of Commons to set up a Select Committee to enquire into the condition of the Army before Sebastopol—weathered it. Similar analysis and discussion against the human background are used for Bagehot and the English Constitution, Samuel Smiles and the gospel of work, Thomas Hughes and the public schools, Robert Applegarth and the trade unions, John Bright and the creed of reform, Robert Lowe and the fear of democracy, Disraeli and "the leap in the dark" that extended the franchise. Thus, the Oxford University Reader in Recent Social and Economic History has been able to disclose the panorama glimpsed beyond the great "Lives" of the era; he has also scraped off some vicarious pitch and whitewash.

Shelley plain

The one, labelled "Atheism," stuck to Shelley in the early years of the last century; the other, splashed on top, took the form of fanatical, uncritical devotion that naturally failed to wipe out the perplexing black streaks. Sylva Norman in FLIGHT OF THE SKYLARK (*Max Reinhardt*. 25s.) grasps at the "Shelley legend" firmly and her readers behold something tangible in her steady and sensitive hands. Yet this is no conjuring trick; she knows the difference between myth and invention, and as she never confuses the two nor does she us. To her the "popular conception encircles

a nucleus of truth" and her purpose, triumphantly accomplished, is to expose the heart of the matter. It is easier to find than Shelley's, by the way, which "had a dreary and knockabout sort of after-life" in Miss Norman's phrase: after its removal from the funeral pyre, "where is the heart buried?" became almost a parlour game." Lightheartedly she blows dust off controversies, undermines theories and reputations, upsets apple carts, and exercises a keen sense of the ridiculous on the sillier hero-worshippers and the rogues who forged Shelley's letters; and one presumes that irony crept into the titling of her book.

Shelley living

With all this, Miss Norman's reverence for the man as poet shines through, divesting her study of offence to those who have grown up on the tradition fostered by André Maurois, and on "the winsome face of a child" Francis Thompson conception. It was a bright thought—but not perhaps surprising in the Shelley scholar she has already proved herself to be—this tracing of the development of Shelley's reputation in a chronicle that begins at the other end. So often knowledge achingly stops with death, especially young and tragic death. Here he has duly been awarded "immortality, not in the sense of godhead or impregnability, but on the grounds of staying power." The University of Oklahoma Press is to be sincerely thanked for publishing the book, aided by a grant from the Pforzheimer Foundation. By the same token, American spelling scattered throughout Miss Norman's shapely English is uneasily forgiven.

"Drink to me only..."

Words like "defense" and "labor" and a dedication to the New York Public Library also impart a transatlantic air to the story of one who, too, dropped a letter—from his name, BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER (*Robert Hale*. 18s.). Marchette Chute has written a biography that reads smooth as a novel, her central character sharp in the coloured setting of his times;

that it cost her laborious factual preparation the index and exhaustive bibliography more than hint. The "great lyric poet when he permitted himself to be" was fortunate in having William Camden, the antiquarian, as a master at school, who imparted such a vision of the ancient world lit by reason and order that Jonson became the one Elizabethan dramatist who worked in its spirit. The youngster passing each day the Queen's banqueting hall was later to have his masques presented there and to be attended by respectful younger poets. He became a Jacobean, saw his play *Staple of News* performed by the King's Men company just after the coronation of Charles I, and lived on to the brink of civil war, ill, in part neglected and returned to the half-poverty he knew as a child.

Safely through the world

"Rare Ben", the Roman Catholic schoolboy of Westminster (albeit to be buried ultimately in its Abbey) would have settled down just as happily within the walls of St. Gregory's in Flanders, before the French Revolution caused the teaching staff to move to England and found the Abbey and College of Downside. And Jonson would have noticed nothing unusual in the prefect's shout: "No washing to-day, boys, everything frozen, *Benedicamus Domino*." How some of the trappings have changed, leaving the essentials intact, is recounted in DOWNSIDE BY AND LARGE (*Sheed & Ward*. 21s.). Hubert van Zeller, who recorded his own boyhood there with the delightful *Willingly to School*, in a burst of even higher spirits has now written the long history of the place. In "a double fugue of things lasting and Gregorian" the small world of a great public school—with work and games, prayer and play, customs and even phrases—is to be heard, swelling out in preparation for manhood's larger but hardly deeper spheres. Old Boys may take this book as compulsory or as a holiday task, but outsiders will find it reading for fun.

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